

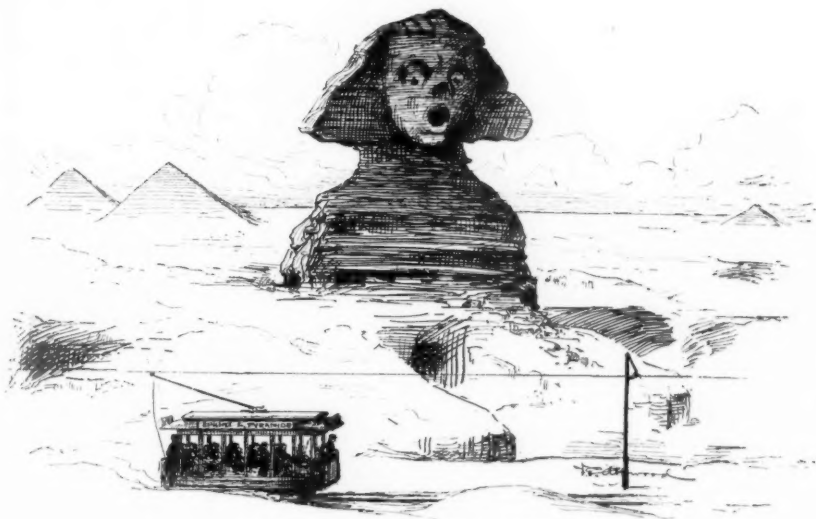
THE COSMOPOLITAN.

From every man according to his ability : to every one according to his needs.

VOL. XXVII.

AUGUST, 1899.

No. 4.



BY TROLLEY TO THE SPHINX.

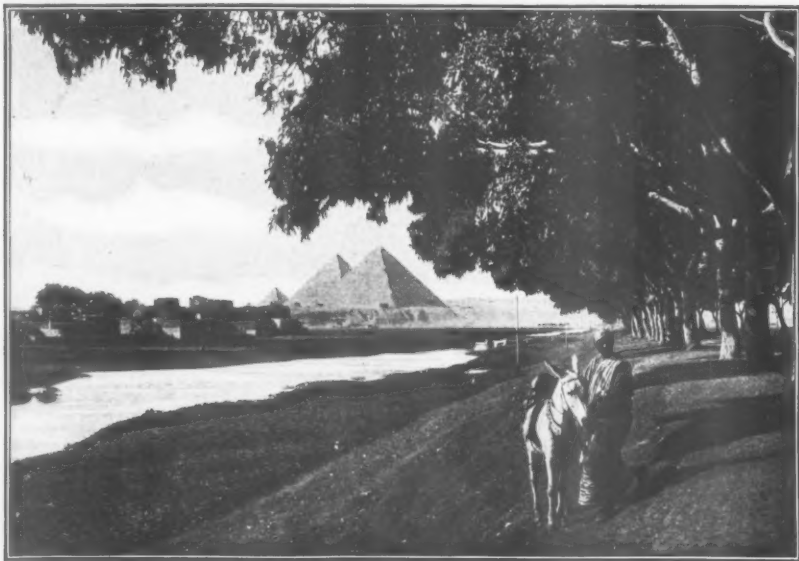
BY ALEXANDER HARVEY.

TROLLEY-CAR conductors are not yet shouting "All aboard for the Pyramids!" in Cairo, but when the winter tourists arrive they may be, for the rails for the electric road are laid, the poles are up and the wires are strung. As soon as the company back of this picturesque enterprise can make terms with the Egyptian railway administration, the service between El Gheezeh and Cairo will begin. The administration hesitates to give the trolley company permission to cross railroad tracks, holding that a collision between a train drawn by a locomotive and a trolley car filled with tourists would be a sad and serious experience for the tourists. The trolley company admits this contention to be true, but makes the point that the trolley line has been safeguarded against such a mishap. Moreover, the promoters assert that, with whatever real or fancied dangers there may be at the railway cross-

ing, the trolley route will be safer than the present mode of journeying to the Pyramids.

The members of the Egyptian railway commission are slowly coming to look at the crossing problem in a light favorable to the trolley company. When they decide to grant the necessary permission, the question of crossing the Nile is still to be considered. The authorities have been reluctant to allow the cars to go over the English bridge, fearing lest the weight be too great. The company must either get this permission or establish a ferry service, for it can scarcely afford to build a bridge of its own. All these obstacles will be overcome, sooner or later.

This consummation is not devoutly wished for by the Egyptians. The Pyramids and the Sphinx are no longer taken seriously. This is the great complaint of those to whom these venerable monuments of antiquity are as sacred as any church,

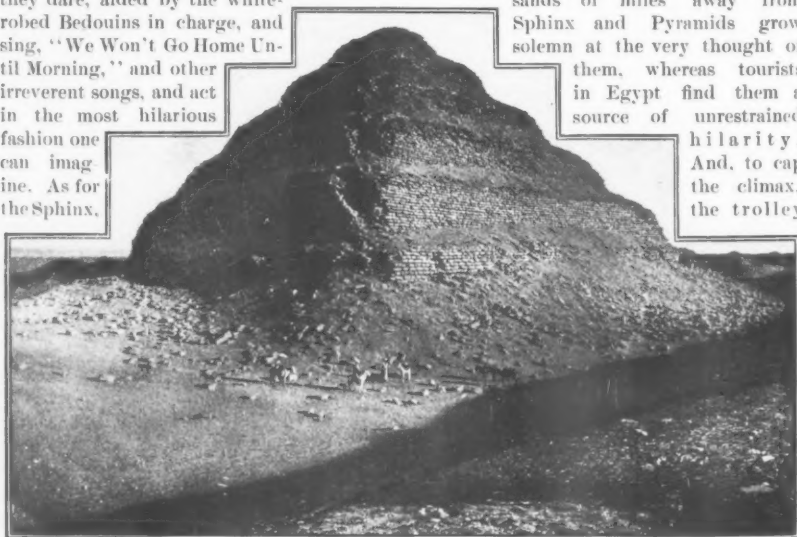


A PICTURESQUE HIT ON THE TROLLEY ROUTE.

and who look upon the completion of the trolley line with profound regret. The tourists, and especially the American tourists, come to the Pyramids to drink champagne and eat cold chicken. They climb up the face of the Pyramids as far as they dare, aided by the white-robed Bedouins in charge, and sing, "We Won't Go Home Until Morning," and other irreverent songs, and act in the most hilarious fashion one can imagine. As for the Sphinx,

liberties are taken with it, even by moonlight, when its aspect is supposed to be most awful. Arabs are hired to sit in the Sphinx's ear, soda-water bottles are hurled at its unutterable solemnity, and high jinks generally prevails. People dwelling thou-

sands of miles away from Sphinx and Pyramids grow solemn at the very thought of them, whereas tourists in Egypt find them a source of unrestrained hilarity. And, to cap the climax, the trolley



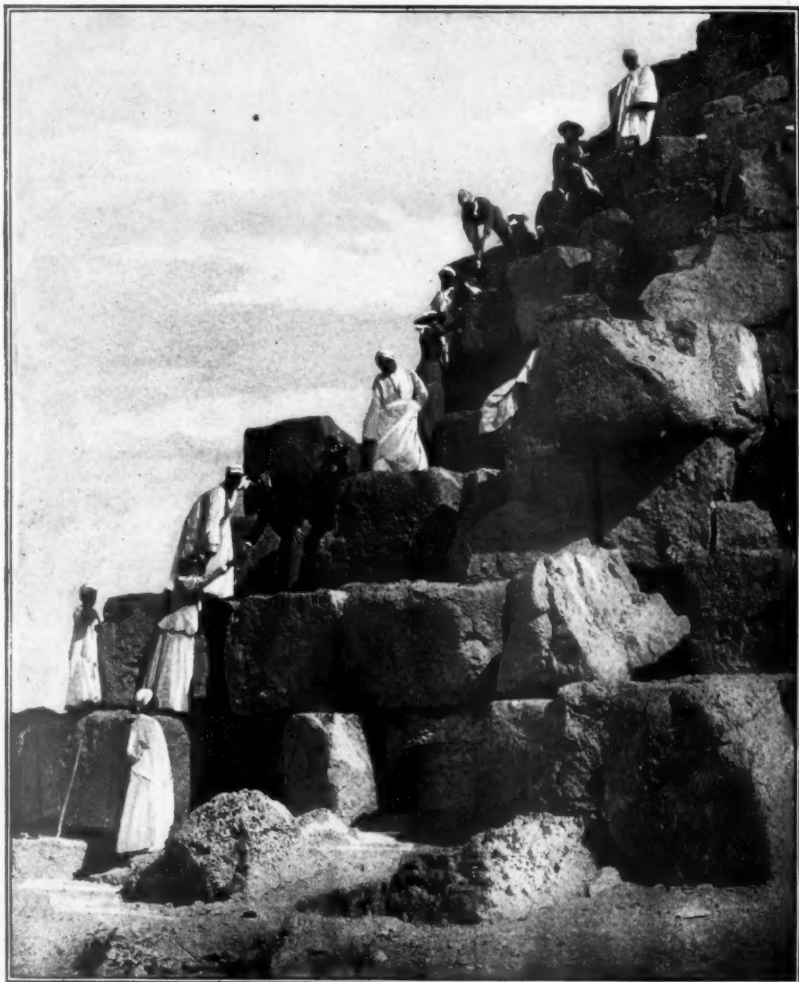
THE STEP PYRAMID.

cars are coming in the very near future.

Much of the irreverence of the tourist is due to the undeniable fact that a first view of the Pyramids and the Sphinx is painfully disappointing, just as is a first view of Niagara falls. It is only when one

Sphinx is there. Yet no man, probably, ever looked at it for the first time without wondering what possible attraction it could have for anybody.

When the trolley cars are running, people, it is freely predicted, will no longer



HELPING WOMEN UP.

has seen them several times that their strange fascination begins to exert itself, and one contracts the incurable Pyramid infatuation. This is especially so in regard to the Sphinx. There are strangers in Egypt who will not go home because the

want to look the Pyramids and Sphinx in the face. That will be too easy. They will gaze from a distance—two to four miles—and this is contended, by experienced observers, to be the only sane way. The objects themselves are so enormous that,



A FAR VIEW OF THE PYRAMIDS.

as with a city, they can be appreciated in all their magnitude only from a distance. The best point for such a prospect is toward the end of the long road on which the trolley cars will run. Trees line this road on both sides for a distance of some eight miles, and the tracks for the cars are on the left, just under the branches.

The ride will occupy the best part of an hour, and the fare will equal about ten cents of our money. The great value of this ride will be the long-distance views of the Pyramids it will afford. The first thing visible to the passenger will be a great cone, sharply defined against the sky. Immediately in the rear of this great cone



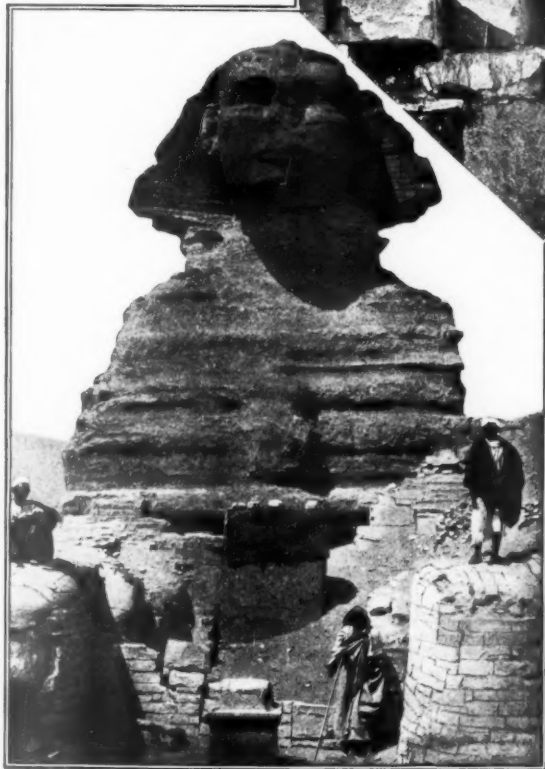
A FAVORITE VIEW.

two others will loom heavily up. This aspect of the three giants is of startling impressiveness.

The trolley cars will whizz by the village of the Bedouins to whom is intrusted the care of Sphinx and Pyramids. It is difficult to say which interests the beholder most, the village or its inhabitants. The village, seen from the car tracks, resembles nothing so much as the ruined castle of Giant Despair, towering from the sands. It presents a refreshing expanse of grass and grove, from which the robed Bedouins suddenly detach themselves and dart after the vehicle in which their victim, the tourist, sits.



BEDOUINS HELPING TOURISTS UP THE GREAT PYRAMID.



FRONT VIEW OF THE SPHINX.

They will pursue a carriage for a mile and fetch up at the Pyramids with no trace of exhaustion. But the mad race with the trolley will be too much for them. These Bedouins enjoy a monopoly and they must reap a rich harvest from the visitors of the winter. They encourage the tourist in every mad prank, and they are especially pleased with the man who wants to climb to the top of a Pyramid. This climbing process is not unattended with risk, for the tourist must go from one giant step to another and never once miss his footing. Happily, the Bedouins are expert in

their art, and accidents are practically unheard of.

Nothing is so disagreeable as entering the Great Pyramid, a process which entails crawling through a tunnel upon one's stomach in very foul air. The tourist is fagged out by the time he climbs up the great stones to the hole leading inside. It

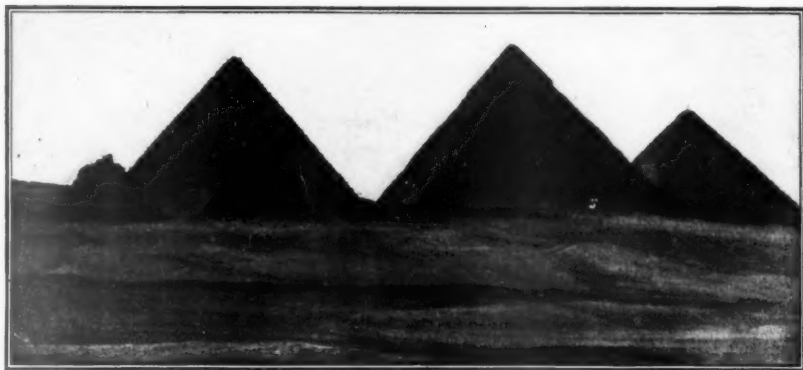
carven monster. The visitor generally gets his first glimpse under disillusionizing conditions. An enormous, mutilated mug—the word is rude but appropriate—grins misshapenly at you, nothing of dignity or meaning in any aspect of it. But when the mass is beheld from a distance and at a particular angle, the impression resulting



TOURISTS AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE PYRAMID OF CHEOPS.

is a far more agreeable thing to enter the temple under the Sphinx. The impression one gets is very weird, but weirder still is the effect when one emerges and gets the profile view of the Sphinx. It then becomes possible, for the first time, to understand the fascination of this aged and stately

is altogether incomparable. It is curious to watch the change produced in the deportment of even the lightest tourist by the successive phases in which the Sphinx presents itself. At first, there are the frank outbursts of disappointment. Then comes the merriment due to the prankish spirit



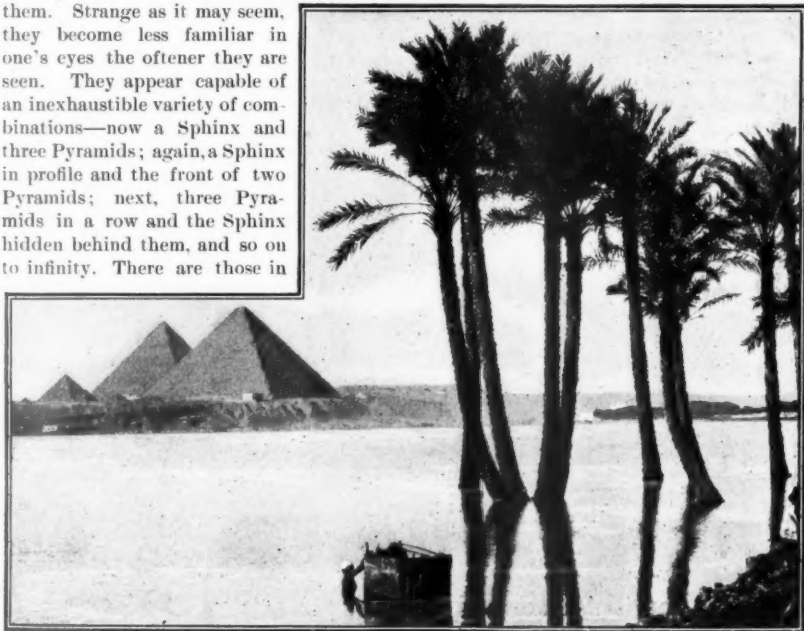
THE GHEEZEH PYRAMIDS.

with which the visitor eats, drinks and is merry at the feet of all this antiquity. Then the stroll here and there, the play of light and shade upon those staring features, and the sudden, involuntary hush.

And so the charm of these things is indefinable. The phases of them are as the moon's, and to be understood only by observation. To have seen the Pyramids and Sphinx but once is to misunderstand them. Strange as it may seem, they become less familiar in one's eyes the oftener they are seen. They appear capable of an inexhaustible variety of combinations—now a Sphinx and three Pyramids; again, a Sphinx in profile and the front of two Pyramids; next, three Pyramids in a row and the Sphinx hidden behind them, and so on to infinity. There are those in

Egypt who never weary of their aspect at the distance of a mile. Others like best the view from the railway train between Cairo and Hellouan. And soon the trolley cars will show them in another aspect still.

There are doubtless many people who will say that it is a shame that the road to El Gheezeh should be profaned by the trolley, but these constitute in large part those who



DURING THE INUNDATION OF THE NILE.

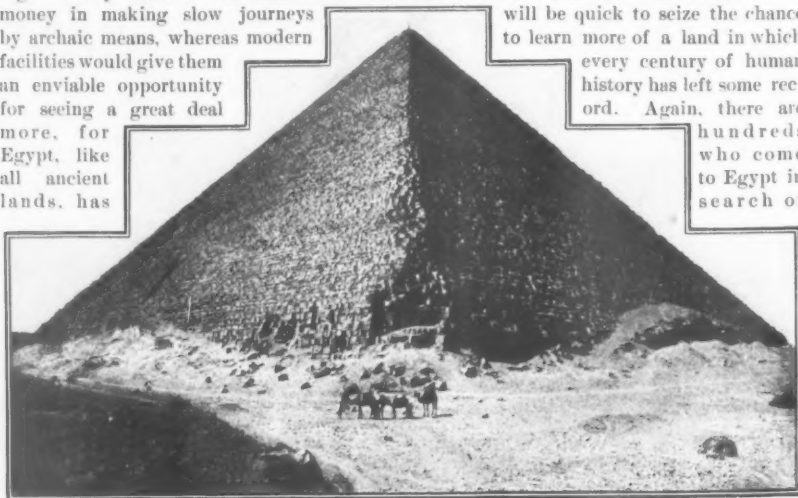


THE SPHINX IN PROFILE.

will never traverse it. It is not every visitor who has the whole season to spend in Egypt, and to one whose time is limited every facility for quick transit is a blessing. Many tourists consume time and money in making slow journeys by archaic means, whereas modern facilities would give them an enviable opportunity for seeing a great deal more, for Egypt, like all ancient lands, has

few spots that are not worth visiting. The proper thing is now to go to the Pyramids, and, if time permits, to voyage by dahabeah to the first Cataract of the Nile, but when there are swift modes of transit the traveler

will be quick to seize the chance to learn more of a land in which every century of human history has left some record. Again, there are hundreds who come to Egypt in search of



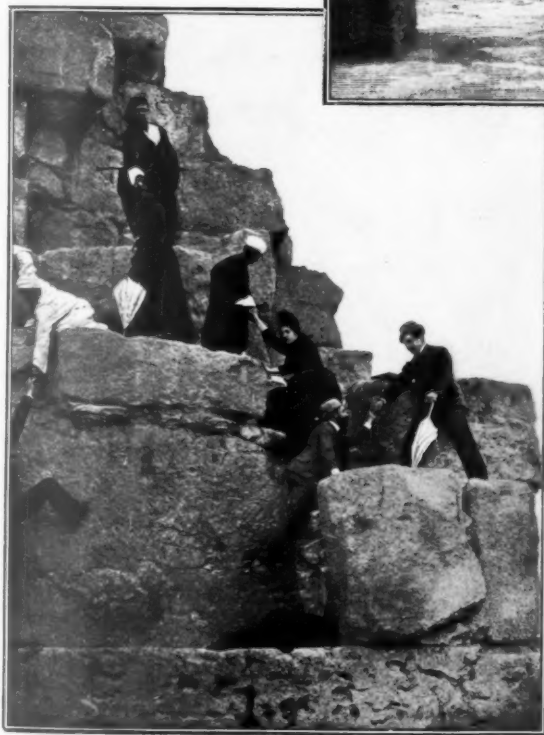
THE PYRAMID OF CHEOPS.

health, and these are often unable to endure the fatiguing donkey-trip, or even one by carriage, and the trip on the railway is uninteresting in the extreme. The trolley, which follows the picturesque carriage-road, may be the means of bringing the trip within the power of some who would leave the country without a near view of the Pyramids and the Sphinx.

It is fortunate for the time-pressed tourist that the most wonderful of these monuments are within a short distance of Cairo. The group at El Gheezeh stands as typical of these peculiar creations, although there are hundreds of smaller and less interesting ones scattered over the valley of the Nile. The Pyramids were not family tombs;



INTERIOR OF THE TEMPLE
UNDER THE SPHINX.



CLIMBING UP THE GREAT PYRAMID.

each is associated with one person, and, with the exception of two or three, he has been of royal blood. The Great Pyramid naturally commands first attention. The pile rises to a height of four hundred and fifty feet, but originally it had thirty feet of casing stones and masonry, which have been torn off. The ascent is fatiguing, and the climber will appreciate the trolley ride for this reason. He will arrive at the base in fresher condition to make the trip to the top. Not far from the middle of the northern face is the entrance. The passage is narrow, only four feet high by three and a half wide. It descends for over sixty feet,

and then ascends for one hundred, at the end of which is the Great Passage, high and narrow and one hundred and twenty-six feet long. Beyond this the explorer must traverse a short horizontal hall of varying dimensions, and this brings him to the King's Chamber, wherein were laid the remains of Cheops of the Fourth Dynasty. The Second Pyramid is steeper and but a few feet lower than its more famous neighbor. In it were found the remains of Cephren, of the Fourth Dynasty. Much of the casing remains on this one, and the ascent is extremely hard and rarely attempted. The Third Pyramid is much smaller than the other two, but little over two hundred feet in height, yet it is the most beautifully and expensively constructed of the three. It was the resting-place of King Mancheres and Queen Nitocris.

Ten miles above El Gheezeh are the ruins of Memphis, the "good station" of ancient Egypt. Founded by Menes, the first historical king, it passed through successive stages of glory and decay, until at present nothing remains to mark its site save a few scattered masses of stone, and many mounds in the cultivated fields. As late as the Moslem conquest,

Memphis was an important city; but after that time, its decline was rapid, and when the Arabs built Fostat, across the Nile, it went out of existence. Its great buildings, its massive temples, its shrines and monuments, were torn to pieces, and the stone of the old was used in the building of the new.

There are a few things of vast historical importance to be seen at Memphis, and the

trolley promoters may deem it advisable to extend their lines thither. The greatest temple of Memphis was the temple of Ptah, its tutelary divinity, and of this there are yet to be seen occasional carved blocks of stone and here and there a shattered statue. One of these is the colossus of Rameses II., that even now, broken and prostrate, excites admiration and wonder. This statue very likely stood before one of the principal entrances of the temple. It is of white chert, and



ENTRANCE TO THE GREAT PYRAMID.

represented the King standing. When it fell, or at some later period, the legs were broken off. It is much weather-worn, but enough remains to mark it as one of the finest specimens of Egyptian art yet discovered.

The trolley is going to the Pyramids. It may go to Memphis. Why not every-



THE SPHINX AND TEMPLE AS THEY APPEAR TO-DAY.

where else? The Egyptian railroads are slow, the Nile is slower, and the trolley is the natural sequence in the march of events. No ground is too sacred for its clang and

clatter. Even the hoariest city, the most ancient monument, the oldest ruin, will one day figure as a place to be punched on a transfer slip.





MISS ALICE ATHERTON BLIGHT.

THE BASIS OF NEW YORK SOCIETY.

BY MRS. JOHN KING VAN RENSSELAER.

FASHIONABLE life in the good city of New York has at various periods presented such ever-changing, ever-varying features, that it requires elastic wits to keep pace with its rapid revolutions, which from time to time hold up for admiration and imitation features and novelties only to discard them before the mass of people, who are always ready or alert to follow social leaders, have had the opportunity to digest and adopt them.

This restless seeking for change, which is now the dominant characteristic of society, is due, firstly, to the women who, wishing to be leaders, are always on the lookout for novelties, in

order to attract guests to their entertainments or to excite admiration for their own daring flights of fancy. This is generally obtained by laying out vast sums on a social function, which is not attractive

from any point of view other than the amount of money that it has cost the hostess. The abandonment of the different forms of entertainment, one after the other, is owing to the disagreeable discovery that others, with equally well-filled purses, can do likewise, and therefore fashionable leaders of to-day tire rapidly of their own enterprises, and become completely disgusted with them when imitated on any large



Photograph by Taber.

MRS. W. K. VANDERBILT, JR.



MRS. H. BRAMHALL GILBERT.

scale by persons whom, according to their own standards, they would describe, in language that is all their own, as "not in the swim."

It is seldom that any one can remain what is termed "the leader of society" more than ten years. Either health or money gives out during the incessant pursuit of pleasure, and one of the two, and for preference both, are needed to lead successfully the butterflies of modern days through the giddy mazes of fashionable life.

During the leadership of each succeeding matron—and hitherto the reins have not been grasped by any unmarried woman—the marks of her own individuality have been strongly impressed on the form that the amusements of her time have taken. So much so, that to the onlooker, or historian, epochs can be easily classified, and distinguished by the name of the prominent personages of the day, with as much ease as the reigns of the monarchs of Europe. It must be said for the leaders of the past,

that they were always noted for a strict regard for the proprieties of life. They were devoted mothers and exemplary wives, and the standard of morality in the community was a very high one. Charities and church-going were the first duties of even the most prominent of the social

leaders who one after another have reigned with gentle sway over the amusements of New York city.

Looking backward over the last century in New York, traces of each social leader may be found by a close study of the most characteristic entertainments given during that time. But the records of those functions are not to be found by consulting the pages of the daily press, as would now be the case, for it was considered indecorous to have private affairs published.

and it was only the most extraordinary entertainments that ever crept into the daily papers, and then all names were carefully eliminated, so that none but the initiated could understand them at the time; and few can comprehend them in



MISS ALICE MORTON.

the present day, unless they possess the key to the enigma.

It is to private journals or family traditions, therefore, that one must turn in order to describe the area of fashion during the past century. After the war with England that resulted in the independence of the American colonies, the seat of the newly formed government was for a short period stationed in this city, a condition of affairs that gathered here all the most brilliant men of the day, anxious to take part in the public offices, who, with their wives and families, gave an intellectual bias to society that it has never since that time rejoiced in. But that glorious epoch in the social life of



MRS. HARRY WHITNEY TREAT.



MRS. VAN RENSSELAER CRUGER.

New York was previous to the dawn of the nineteenth century, and when the seat of government was transferred to a sister city, the sparkle of social life went with it, and the inhabitants of the old Dutch town settled down quietly, and seemed to care but little to entertain, or for being entertained, and therefore the life they led was intensely dull, and hardly worth recording. This state of affairs did not last long, however, as the wife of an opulent gentleman found she had not only the will, but the means, of entertaining her friends, and she soon made herself famous by giving handsome parties, that became the talk of the town. Having traveled considerably in foreign countries, the couple had a fine collection of works of art, and their house was filled with pictures and statues, which were objects of the keenest interest to the members of the social world, who at that time were but little wont to travel far from the banks of the Hudson, and had, therefore, seen few paintings and those generally of staid citizens and their wives in the fashionable attire of their day. To many of these worthy people, the nude statues and undressed nymphs that adorned the home of this social leader were most startling



MISS MARY CAROLINE WASHINGTON BOND.

surprises, and they considered these works of art little better than a disgrace to the community; therefore, to please their tastes, the complaisant mistress of the house was accustomed to drape her statues with pocket-handkerchiefs before throwing open her home to her friends.

About this time it became the fashion in Europe to give fancy-balls, and in imitation of this a magnificent one was held in the city of New York by the mother of one of the most fashionable leaders in the society of to-day. To this ball all that was brightest and most beautiful in the city was bidden, all vying with one another in friendly rivalry as to which character should be most thoroughly sustained by the presenter.

The fashion set in this way, of giving balls in which fancy-dress should be worn, incited among the fashionable world a study of poetical works and those of fiction. At that time Sir Walter Scott, Lord Byron and many others were filling the minds and imaginations of the English reading public with their beautiful fancies, and while their vogue extended not only over their native land, but to all others where their works could be understood and appreciated, Charles Bristed, Washington

Irving, N. P. Willis, Drake, Halleck, Cooper, Miss Sedgwick and many others were emulating them in New York. Thomas Moore and Mrs. Jameson came to visit this country and added spurs to the intellectual life that had had no time for cultivation during the exciting years preceding, during and directly after the Revolution. Mrs. Jameson came, it is true, not to cultivate taste in America, but was in

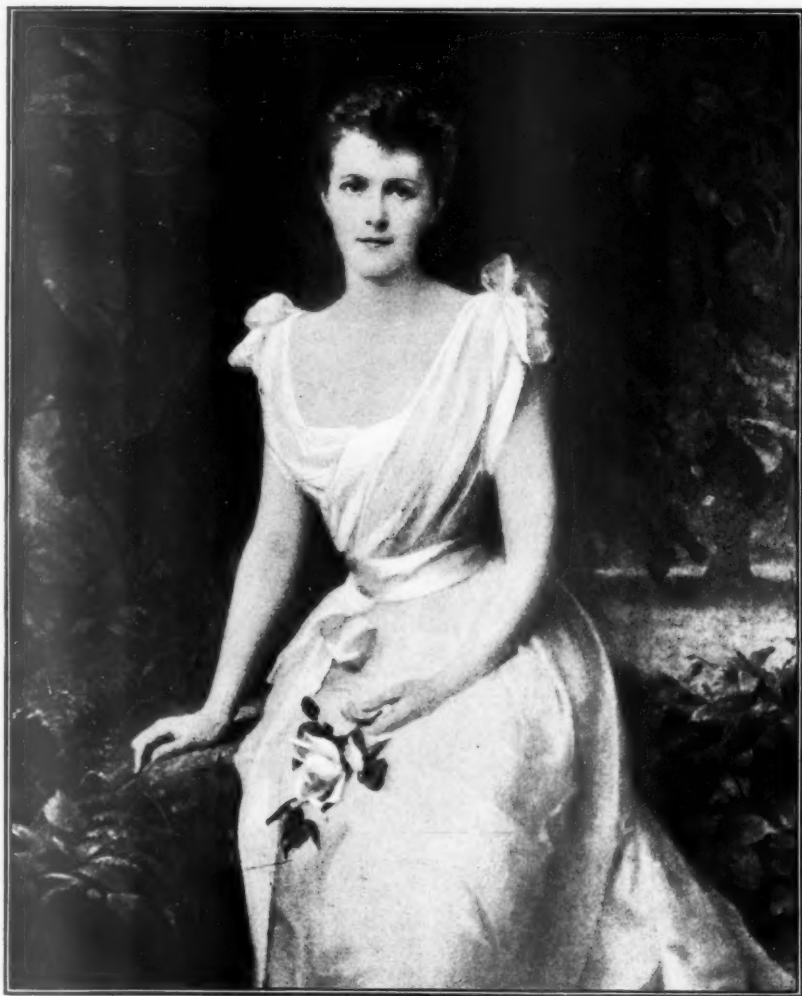
involuntary exile, forced to share it with an uncongenial husband, but she, nevertheless, like the genius she was, contrived to utilize her time in study and in the exercise of a new accomplishment, and has left as an undying record of her achievements some most beautiful etchings, which are probably the first ever designed by a woman in America. Thomas Moore's professional business did not long detain him in this



Photograph by Aimé Dupont.

MRS. H. K. BLOODGOOD.

country, but both of them gave an impetus to the study of literature and its kindred arts, this being excited by the transitory visits of such talented people, and afterward, fortunately, kept alive by visits from Lord Morpeth and other shining lights from Europe, Fanny Kemble, Jennie Lind, Forrest, Macready and other celebrated lights of the stage, who each



MRS. OLIVER ISELIN.

gave in turn a flip to social ethics, so that all these brilliant personages, who passed a few weeks at a time in the city, left deep impressions on the society of the day, which at the time was small enough to receive and assimilate most thoroughly any such pleasant addition to its circle.

All these causes served to help mark the most brilliant literary epoch of the social life of the city of New York during the

first half of the century. Up to that period dancing had been confined to the stately minuet, or to the more energetic contra-dance, but, strange to say, the simple introduction of a Polish national dance was destined to revolutionize society, and this was done, not by a leader in New York, but by a young man attached to the Russian legation at Washington, who introduced the waltz, which he taught



MRS. RICHARD TOWNSEND.



MRS. EDWARD LYMAN SHORT.

to some New York young ladies, who imported the foreign dance into the staid old place, and upon this a revolution in the social amusements took place.

It had been customary for the intellectual part of the community to meet frequently and with but little formality, in order to exchange verses, essays and other light literary articles, the best of which were read or recited at the houses of the different members of the set. Some of the brightest of the group started a magazine for private circulation only, and an immense amount of amusement was caused by one of the numbers, to which twenty of the most popular of the young people of the day contributed their private views

on the language in which a proposal of marriage should be couched. One of the wits of society wrote a series of letters which described the foibles and follies of the set, in a sarcastic, but by no means an ill-natured, vein.

For many years the principal functions had been the public balls, called the assemblies. These were subscription entertainments, and were held in the City Hotel, or some other equally large and convenient hall. The subscribers inherited their positions, and extended the right to attend the balls to prominent persons, distinguished strangers, et cetera, and as the entrance into this society was almost distinctly hereditary, and had been handed down in cer-



MRS. LORILLARD SPENCER.

tain families in unbroken lines since the first introduction by the Dutch founders of the city, it followed that those balls were very select, and at them were the best representatives of the old families of the place.

Although at these balls dancing was the principal amusement up to the year 1830,

the waltz was not permitted within the sacred precincts, and its introduction at other parties created an immense sensation, calling forth stern denunciation from the pulpit and, what was more peculiar, from the press of the day, one editor of a daily paper being most abusive in his description of waltzing, which he feared would lead to the complete demoralization of society, and he was gross in his description of the terrible consequences that might ensue if this dance

were practised by the young people in social life. In the light of later days, we may hope that none of the evils pictured by the worthy gentleman ever came to pass.

The assemblies were attended by persons of all ages. The ladies of the family were expected to grace the ball with their

presence, and open it themselves by treading "one measure" in the first contradance with the most distinguished persons present. While the ball was being opened in a decorous and seemly manner, all the young persons present stood modestly in the background, contented to admire their elders, and to wait patiently until they

were exhausted by such unwonted exertion, and desirous of retiring to the card-rooms, that were always provided for those who wished to enjoy a sober game of whist, and it was not until the last of the older ladies had left the dancing-floor that the juniors ventured on taking a prominent part in the festivities on their own account.

Private parties were conducted on more simple principles than at the present day, and were often little



Photograph by James L. Breese.

MRS. WALTER PEASE.

more than informal dances to the music of an itinerant fiddler. It was seldom that large entertainments were given during the season, and the assemblies were the great social functions of the year.

In families where there were a number of young people, impromptu parties were of

frequent occurrence, but most of the citizens of New York contented themselves by keeping open house, and having frequent dinners, the hour for which was never later than five o'clock, and for the more formal of which there was generally an excuse, such as a present of some fine game, a stranger in town, who must be hospitably entertained and properly introduced, or the regular meeting of a society of *bons vivants*, noted for their wit and good fellowship, whose doings have been recorded in that valuable journal by their founder, the gentleman for whom the club was named — Philip Hone.

The most popular form of entertainment in the early part of the century were waffle parties, and these were given with persistent frequency by all hostesses in New York, and were a noteworthy feature of the place, marking as they did the survival of early Dutch entertainments, that were cherished by their descendants. The hostesses of the day were none of them particularly anxious for social leadership, but all were noted for warm-hearted hospitality that made them delight to gather around their square mahogany tables all their most intimate neighbors, friends and relations. Waffle parties were held at eight o'clock in the evening, and when

this sweet cake, baked in especially prepared irons, had been disposed of, the company would gather in the parlors and play simple intellectual games, such as "capping verses," or else indulge in more romping amusements, like blindman's buff, pillows and keys, et cetera, which are now relegated to the nursery.

Life in those days was simple, unaffected and easy. There was no question of hand-

some decorations or expensive entertainments. Things were done for comfort and not for show. It would have been considered the height of absurdity to adorn the table with flowers, as the gourmands of the day, who had a keen relish for tastes and flavors, considered that the perfume of highly scented vegetables, however beautiful they might be, interfered with their enjoyment of rich sauces, or the more



Photograph by Aim Dupont.

THE HON. MRS. CABELL.

delicate essence of clarets, Madeira and other wines, which to them constituted the charm of a dinner, and they deemed that their sense of taste was to be esteemed and placed before its kindred sense of sight, which was according to their opinion to be devoted to the enjoyment of scenery, works of art, or the products of the garden when in their own sphere, and they did not consider that flowers



MRS. CLARENCE MACKAY.

were in their proper place when on the dinner-table.

After the set of literary people had become scattered, by those mysterious acts

of disintegration that separate social sets, after a life that seldom extends over a decade, waltzing, that at first had been frowned upon and discouraged, was gradu-



Photograph by Hughes, London.

MISS HAY.

ally introduced, even within the assemblies, and finally this new dance reigned triumphant and revolutionized society, and shook to its very foundations the old-fashioned notions of the proper forms of social entertainments.

Several ladies who were willing to contribute their share to the amusement of society, and perhaps with aspirations of social leadership, encouraged the new dance, and invited to their houses only young and frivolous people, who were delighted to have opportunities of amusing themselves in this way, far from carping objections on the part of maiden aunts, whose faces and figures prevented them from being successful performers as dancers, and who, therefore, while occupying seats of observation, were disposed and ready to make ill-natured remarks. Others of the older members of families, finding but little amusement in attending balls at which no arrangement was made for their entertainment, preferred their ingleside, and left

their young people to attend these functions, only providing suitable matrons for the girls, who were not always grateful for this protection.

The old-fashioned waffle parties, followed by simple games or by music, were voted by the youngsters very dull; therefore, by the middle of the century the principal entertainments in the good city of New York were dancing-parties, attended exclusively by juveniles, while elder members of families seldom troubled themselves to appear at any public function. This state of affairs was much to be deplored. Large entertainments that are wholly devoted to twirling masses of draperies are without balance or stability, unless graced by the presence of well-dressed matrons, who, at least, if they are relegated to the back-



Photograph by Aimé Dupont.

MRS. JOHN VINTON DAHLGREN.

ground, give value and effect to the picture.

In fact, the social element in New York during the forties and fifties was scarcely what could be called an intellectual one, but a society leader arose who was descended from some of the oldest families in the colony,

and who had married a rich man with a feeling of responsibility as to the disposal of the great wealth he had inherited, and this estimable pair were the first to recognize that it was in their power to create a better element in the social life of the city, and they drew around them a charming circle of the brightest literary lights, scientists, artists, actors and actresses, so by deftly mingling them with the more intelligent of the fashionable community, they marked a decade in the social world

that had a more durable effect than they lived to be aware of. It was this gracious hostess who declared that there was much latent talent among the butterflies of the gay world, as she well remembered the brilliant efforts of their

ancestors, and that it required only encouragement to develop wit and originality. She accordingly founded a literary club of ladies, who met biweekly in the parlors of the members, at which each one was expected to contribute an article from her

own pen, to be read before her confrères and discussed by the society. The wisdom of this social leader has been well proved by the success of the modest little society which she founded, and from which have sprung many others of more or less distinction, the original society being an exclusive association to which few are admitted, and to attain entrance to which confers a certain social distinction. This society is so quietly conducted that but few people know of its existence, beyond the circle of old-fashioned New Yorkers,



Photograph by Pach Brothers.

MRS. ARTHUR KEMP.

of whom it is chiefly composed. About the time that the reins of fashion were falling loosely from the hand which cared but little to hold them, a new era dawned in the city, from which dates all the luxury of display that now reigns dominant in the society of

the metropolis. Up to the middle of the century, the subject of wealth was one that was little considered or discussed. Every one lived in about the same simple style; every one was supposed to have the same number of servants, that was increased only when one family was larger than another and required more service. It was considered the height of vulgarity to spend money lavishly on unnecessary luxuries, simply for the sake of making a display and thereby exciting the envy of others. Quiet, unostentatious hospitality marked the character of each household in which the wit and education of the hosts were the standard of excellence and not the size of their bank account. Families were well known in all their branches and ramifications, and there were but few persons in society who had not been born and bred in the city.

The civil war attracted many persons



Photograph by Aimé Dupout.

MRS. JULES J. VATABLE.



Photograph by Aimé Dupout.

MRS. CLARENCE ANDREWS.

from all parts of the country to New York. Immense fortunes were made with astonishing facility, and these newcomers set up a standard of their own and a society of their own making, that fell like an avalanche on the original inhabitants of the place, and completely overwhelmed the sober-minded citizens, who up to that time had been contented with their quiet lives, had firmly believed that honesty was the best policy, and had encouraged no interlopers in their society who were not thoroughly correct in morals and manners. This mass of new-comers in the city speedily created a new order of things, and carried all things before it in the commercial, as well as the social, world.

There was little place for intellectual people in a set composed entirely of self-made people, and the old-fashioned New Yorker at first stood on one side in great amazement at the new régime, and then



MRS. CHARLES A. ALEXANDRE.

with amusement realized that the army of new-rich people who were gathered in the city, from every state in the country and from every class of society, had taken possession of social life in New York, setting a fashion of lavish display, unwonted luxuries and unbridled excesses that completely upset all previously conceived ideas of right and wrong.

Even the sex of the social leader was changed under the new order of things, and for a time a self-elected dictator from a Southern state ruled social functions in the city. Under his direction the scale of social membership was regulated entirely by the extent of a bank account. Knowledge, education, good breeding, et cetera, being unappreciated, were relegated to the

background. The hostess who could spend the most money on an entertainment was the one to be the most highly commended and flattered. All this was a most delightful standard for the new-comers. As they could well live up to it, and had no other claims to distinction, the god of Mammon was speedily erected in the city as its most popular deity, before whom all must cringe and through whose portals only the qualified might enter, regardless of manners and morals, to find within a debatable arena on which each might fight for social distinction, armed with sinews of war made of gold and silver, and where the most heavily provided might slaughter all others by the sheer weight of their arms.

That this state of things could long con-



MRS. JOHN JACOB ASTOR.

tinue is hardly to be credited. The city, elevated into a metropolis by the vast accumulation of wealth, has attracted others besides rich people within its borders. Clever artists, scientists, actors, eminent literary men and women, have come to the great hive, and found to their astonishment that there was no social life for them in the halls of Midas. With minds devoted to the accumulation of wealth, what could such persons have in common with intellectual beings who care little for Midas, and would not seek him, except to find a market for their wares?

The Midas of to-day is not inclined to encourage the arts and sciences, unless it adds in some particular way to his own glory. He finds no pleasure in the perso-



MRS. HENRY SHRADY.



Photograph by Aime Dupont.

MRS. GOULD BROKAW.

nality of the people, who by him are to be considered only in the light of so much machinery that produces articles for him to purchase, and while Midas pays for the wares offered to him, he does not condescend to associate with the creators. So artist and musician, scientist and author, go their own ways, finding congenial society elsewhere, and content to see little of Midas, who already begins to find himself bored in the society of those who are as rich as he is, and who, therefore, will not give him the meed which each thinks due to himself only. Each one is jealous of the possessions of the others, and for lack of other employment breaks the Tenth Commandment, which he seems to consider was made for the poor and not for the rich.

The sober-minded, old-fashioned New Yorker is not as yet totally extinct, however, but stands aside amazed at this condition of affairs. A new class in the rising generation, descendants of those who have invaded the city, is now growing up and soon will have to be most seriously con-

sidered. Children of rich parents who have been educated by a different standard from the one used by the Cavaliers, the Dutch and the Puritans, are an element that will require new directions and new laws. It is true that their chief occupation is not that of their fathers, to accumulate

wealth carefully, but is that of distributing it carelessly, and while so doing, to kill the chief enemy of their class—old Father Time. These youngsters often receive a foreign education, or are brought up by the worst class of French or English nurses, their fashionable mothers having had no time to superintend their education, as old-fashioned mothers were wont to do. For this reason they imbibe in infancy a contempt for their fatherland and a longing to identify themselves



Photograph by Davis & Sanford.

MRS. EDWIN GOULD.

with one of Europe, where they may, by purchasing a title or large estates, deceive themselves into believing that they in truth belong to the gentle classes of the place, and try to believe, and to make others do so, also, that they are "to the manner born." It is

true that some of the most fashionable men of the day did redeem their class by bravely offering their services to their country and endured unnecessary hardships with the courage of martyrs. But the men who went from New York in this patriotic way, were the children of the best and most loyal of its citizens, who had inherited from their forefathers true instincts of duty and manliness, and they rushed to the standard of their country, when it was raised, with devotion and loyalty; but where was the son of Midas in the fray?

Society as it exists to-day is full of many different entertainments, the mere recital of which would make matrons and maidens of the past giddy. Pleasure is indeed at the prow, but there are also a large number of the community who are eagerly desirous of doing good to their fellow-creatures, and these self-sacrificing people find time to devote to the great charities of the city,



Photograph by L. Altman & Co.

MISS LEONOR MILMO.

in the midst of all their amusements, and are willing to spend large sums of money on those who have not as much of the world's goods as they have themselves. To these ladies who are keeping up the traditions of charity in the city too much praise cannot be given, and they redeem the butterflies of fashion, who think only of themselves and of their own pleasure.

There is a marked difference in the marriage festivities observed in the social world at the beginning of the century and at its close. In former days the public announcement of the wedding was drawn up in a family conclave and sent by the groom for insertion in the daily papers; it was brief, and the custom was inherited from early days and followed the rulings of an old Dutch law regarding marriage. This notice, short, businesslike and to the point, was the only public announcement of the marriage, and was quite different from the blatant descriptions that fill the papers of to-day when a wedding takes place in a family of



MISS MADELINE GODDARD.



MISS CATHERINE GILL.

more or less social distinction, gathered by persistent reporters who dog the footsteps of bride and groom, publish lists of the gifts received, the clothes worn by each member of the family, and pictures more or less flattering of many of them, with so many minute details that the account of a fashionable wedding takes as much space as that of a battle, a murder or a railway accident.

This wide-spread publicity is abhorrent to people of refined tastes, and it would

have been frowned down a few years since, but to-day it is the fashion, and its usage sanctioned by the most chic leaders of the social world, although it would have shocked some of these same ladies some years ago had they seen these private details published in the daily papers.

Still, the old folks had some peculiar notions of their own, and the published notices varied. Sometimes the bare announcement of the marriage was accompanied by a notice of the business of the

groom, or it was casually mentioned that "the beautiful Miss Patty" had married "the son of Mr. Chase, the great merchant." One thrifty bridegroom published an announcement of his marriage in the New York "Evening Post" that ran as follows: "On Thursday, the 27th of May, by the Rev. Mr. Beach, Mr. George C., late counsellor-at-law in the Island of Bermuda, and author of a work entitled 'Lex Mercatoria,' to Mrs. Cornelia V., wife of the late" so and so. The bridegroom had evidently a keen sense of the commercial value of an advertisement under circumstances of so tender a nature, and took advantage of the occasion to insert a notice of his literary work. But this record is unique, and probably excited much comment at the time, for the public announcements of weddings in the early part of the century were marked by their simplicity and brevity.

Whenever it was possible, weddings were conducted at the home of the bride's parents. The custom of being married in church was not introduced until the middle of the century. The ceremony took place in the evening, and was attended with much festivity, and the occasion was the signal for a gathering of the family, who flocked to the wedding from far and near. The gifts were generally presented only by the closest relations,

and although rich and valuable, did not include the variety of useless toys that swell the list of the bride of to-day. The groom usually presented his future wife with a handsome watch and chain. A few pieces of silver were presented by his family, and a chest of table-silver was given by that of the bride.

The trousseau was made of linen and cambric of the finest quality, but it was made with the greatest simplicity. Bro-

cades, silks, laces and camel-hair shawls were always part of it, and if the bride was descended from one of the Dutch settlers of the colony the wedding outfit included all the necessary plenishing of the linen cupboard, which was considered an integral part of the outfit and was contained in a large oak coffer or chest, this being sometimes as large as a wardrobe, and always carved elaborately and ornamented with hinges, locks, escutcheon, et



Photograph by Aimé Dupont.

MISS HARRIETTE COLGATE.

cetera, of brass or silver.

Few persons in society married unless they were able to go to a home of their own, which was often built especially for the bride by her future husband and was his gift to her on their marriage, and few of the young couples of the beginning of the century ventured into matrimony unless well provided with what was then considered substantial means—which, however, their descendants would now scorn as genteel poverty.

YOUR TRUE RELATION TO SOCIETY.

BY J. W. BENNETT.

EDITORIAL NOTE.—The philosophy of home life has never received the attention that its immense importance deserves. With a view to securing the work of the best minds along this line of thought, THE COSMOPOLITAN has offered a series of prizes amounting in all to two thousand eight hundred and fifty dollars. The first of the series has to do with Social Relations. So many people struggle after false ideals, so many are made unhappy by misunderstanding the true conditions under which they live, that probably no greater service can be rendered than the clear thinking-out of the problems connected with our association with one another. The article of Mr. J. W. Bennett, of the Baltimore "News," has been selected as ranking first in importance of the many hundreds received, although the selection was made difficult by many able papers. His statement of the problem seems to be clear, just-minded, comprehensive and philosophical, and is commended to our readers as one of the ablest presentations ever made of this subject.

KINDLY and intelligent social intercourse between the various classes in a community would mean a civilization bordering on the ideal. It would indicate that there were no very great differences in wealth or cultivation or aspirations; in fact, that there were no classes in the present acceptance of the term. A change like this would go to the very root of our institutions. It would be as revolutionary as the full acceptance of Christianity in its primitive purity would have been to the Rome of Nero or would be to the New York or London of to-day.

The social reformer who could bring about this state of affairs would have discovered the philosopher's stone of sociology. The present holds out no such promise for the immediate future. The man or woman who has never in his life or her life accomplished a useful task but who yet has thousands to spend every year in the gratification of lightest whims, is not likely, as long as he or she remains in that position, to care to associate very intimately with one who works for a living and has difficulty in making ends meet.

The family of culture and refinement does not care to be intimate with the family whose antecedents and habits are essentially vulgar. The line here is quite as sharp as, and much more reasonable than, the line of demarcation between the rich and the less rich or the families with ancestors and those without them.

Degrees of wealth or poverty or intelli-

gence are made excuses for dividing society into classes. The people with incomes of one hundred thousand dollars a year find it difficult to associate with those whose incomes are but fifty thousand dollars, and so on down the line to the one-thousand-dollar and five-hundred-dollar incomes.

It is not a matter to rail at. The facts are there and it is necessary to face them. The causes of this social isolation of classes are manifold, but the great cause is obvious enough. Difference in wealth or difference in ability produces difference in opportunity. Difference in opportunity means difference in cultivation, in interests, in sympathies and in aspirations. Differences in culture, sympathies and aspirations, produce the differentiation of classes.

There is action and reaction in this respect. The individual with hereditary strength or hereditary brilliancy may secure greater command of material things than his weaker or less clever neighbor. His wealth, when he acquires it, aids him in holding his advantage or in pushing on.

After the differentiation takes place, the individuals of one class have little in common with those of another. They are on different planes of material and intellectual existence. The labors, the pastimes, the sympathies of one class are not those of another. Retain the conditions and any other effect would be impossible.

Exclusiveness between the classes produces exclusiveness between the individuals of the same class. Society breaks up

into a multitude of petty cliques, each with its narrow sphere of sympathy. Everything is contracted, narrow, cold.

The problem to be solved is to remove, as far as possible, the feeling as well as the practice of isolation and exclusiveness founded upon class distinctions. A revolution cannot be considered. We must work with the materials at hand. Without changing radically the modes of life, we are asked to promote social intercourse.

Three instrumentalities are left to us to work with. Our instruments are municipal government, the school and the church. In a less degree we may rely upon the miscellaneous societies and organizations known as fraternities. Anything short of a revolution or a calamity must be accomplished through some or all of these agencies.

The most serious as well as the most important phase of the problem is found in the great city. The modern city is a microcosm, and if one solves the problem of living correctly there, its application to other phases of life is not so difficult. The great city is essentially a political organization, "without form and void," of human beings drawn fortuitously together, and as a promoter of class exclusiveness and social isolation it has no rival. Socially the American city is a howling wilderness, inhabited by strangers. Social relations in this community happen. There is little to promote them—little of the forces, even, that are found at work in smaller communities.

The contiguity of residence which is almost invariably a promoter of social intercourse in the town, village or country place, loses its effect in the great city. The nearest neighbors are often quite as complete strangers as though they lived at the opposite ends of the earth. Chance meetings in a business way sometimes promote social relations, but it is not often that these are carried into the family. The government, the school, the church, the fraternity, the club—these are the promoters of social intercourse in the big city.

It will hardly be claimed that any one of these agencies is developed so as to produce the maximum results in social harmony. Each offers a large and inviting field for the promoter of social intercourse.

And however inviting or uninviting they are, taken together they offer the only fields in which anything tangible can be done.

The growth of the modern city has far outrun the progress of the municipal governmental organization. The people of the United States seem to have failed to realize that any great or radical modification of the governmental organization successful in the New England township or village, or the Virginia county, as the case may be, is necessary in order to adapt the principles of democracy to the needs of the modern city. Neither the ward nor the precinct is a political entity. Neither is a cell in a great organism, with special functions, but is merely a formless portion of a formless, unorganized mass. There is a big central bureau, a sort of limited monarchy, out of touch and out of sympathy with the thousands of people whom it is trying to govern. It is not the fault of the bureau, for there is at present no means of placing itself in touch with the people.

Wealth and population sufficient to form a state are governed in this crude and unsatisfactory way by a system which is reasonably successful only in a village. Failure to perform governmental functions in a manner at all satisfactory is coupled with an utter failure to promote social intercourse or healthy sympathies between the inhabitants.

The mayor of the city is unknown and unknowable to the great mass of citizens over whom he rules. The legislators are strangers to the people whom they are supposed to represent. The city hall is a place where one has to pay his taxes once a year to some strange individual, who seems to have the right to mispend them and seldom or never make an improvement that he is expected to make. To the citizen, the municipal government is but a name or a nightmare.

This opens an opportunity of immense possibilities by which the government might be made better and social intercourse at the same time greatly promoted. There is every reason for a common interest of all citizens in municipal government. Here is a basis upon which the highest and the lowest may meet. The lines of development are pretty clearly indicated. It is assumed that the democratic form of

government must be retained and applied to existing conditions.

A minute organization is not impossible in the formless thing called the city. Entities with functions are indicated as the component parts. Here is an opportunity for exploiting to its fullest extent the principle of local self-government. Not that each precinct or each ward should perform all of the functions of a city government, but each should attend to its own affairs as far as this is possible. The precinct or the ward *must* attend to its own affairs if municipal government is to progress on democratic lines.

The citizens of the ward should have a speaking acquaintance with the man who represents them. The residents of a precinct are surely capable of saying whether this or that piece of work done in the precinct is well or badly done. They must attach the responsibility for doing a certain thing to a certain individual who may be held accountable by those whom he serves.

To make the meaning plain an illustration will suffice. The mayor of a great city once tried the experiment of appealing to personal responsibility and local pride in the matter of cleaning streets. Sweepers were given particular stretches of streets and each was to be responsible for the cleanliness of the portion of the street to which he was assigned. The mayor informed them that if their work was well done, no power in the city could cause them to lose their places. The men felt the responsibility and worked with a will. Citizens going to business soon got accustomed to seeing the same men working in the same place. They saw, too, that the service was improved. They complimented the men on their work or stopped and chatted with them for a moment. The cleanliness of the streets became a matter of personal pride with every one of these men. The work was done as never before. The sweepers felt like men, not like nameless portions of a great machine. They got more real human sympathy during the few months that they retained such positions than they had had before in a lifetime from the citizens whom they served. It was mutually beneficial from a social as well as a good government standpoint.

The lesson of this is not so difficult.

Municipal government is capable of being developed greatly along this line. In a municipality properly organized and ruled on democratic principles, the people of each precinct should be called upon to nominate every man who served them locally in any position whatever. Much of the service might be localized. The appointments to all municipal offices which are not elective might be made from lists of eligibles nominated by the citizens of the precincts in which they lived.

This would be the groundwork of a genuine scheme of civil service reform, where the people remained the real appointing power. It would do away with official patronage and destroy partisan municipal government. It would be the dirge of the politician as he is now known. But, of greater importance to our theme, the citizens of each precinct would be intimately acquainted with the city officials who served them, and in consequence with one another. Having a greater voice in government, they would have a greater interest. A common level upon which citizens might meet would be found. Broader sympathies and more general intercourse would result.

The shadow of spoils removed from municipal government, the water, light and sewer service, and a hundred other things now undertaken by private corporations, might be successfully accomplished by the city. The more important the government, organized as indicated, the greater the part of the citizen in such government. His interest would grow. More time would be devoted to it, resulting in wider and kindlier acquaintance.

The schemes of small, tricky politicians would count for less. There would be less heartburning and less jealousy. What the people do for themselves, private individuals cannot make fortunes in doing, and the city owning its light, water, telephone, street-railway and other plants would be in less danger of having an undue proportion of millionaires grown rich on public privilege. The differences in fortune, which are at the bottom of nearly all social isolation, would be made less. In a nutshell, a more truly democratic government would go far to break down class distinctions and promote social intercourse.

Women should be included in any scheme of this sort. Women need the broadening influence of the suffrage, the suffrage needs the softening influence of women. Men, as a rule, are inclined to be democratic. The average man is tolerant to anybody but a bore, and is not so particular in inquiring into antecedents. His life has brought him more in contact with all classes. His feeling of brotherhood is broader, if not so strong.

Women, on the other hand, are extremely exclusive. Their lives tend to make their sympathies intense and narrow. They do not care to make allowances.

And woman is the social autocrat. She must have her sympathies broadened before much progress can be made in interclass association.

While the resident of Fifth avenue would not at present, under any circumstances, care to associate with the denizen of the Bowery, the very surroundings of each contribute largely to unfit him for kindly intercourse. The municipality has a vast work to do in ameliorating the conditions of life among the poorer classes.

The earth is a very wide place and there is much vacant territory that might be made into building-lots. Human greed is the only reason for the piling of story upon story in the dwellings of our big cities until the residences of men become caverns of darkness and gloom.

The municipality regulates the erection of buildings with a view of preventing conflagrations. Why not regulate with a view of preventing disease and death, or promoting health and kindliness and happiness? Begin at the suburbs, if the city is beyond redemption, and give the dwellings of men a breathing-space. Institute a system. Build the houses with their backs to parked squares, reserved, if need be, and kept up, by the city. Keep down fences. Have in each square a parked playground for children and a resting-place for adults. Save them from the noise and dangers of the streets. Bring them together. Make them healthy and sociable while preserving at the same time the privacy of the home.

With means of rapid transit now at hand, the city should be made to spread, so that for residence purposes the city would be country

and the country, city. A millionaire really bent on helping his fellow-creatures could do more for the happiness of the race by inaugurating a system of well-lighted homes bordering upon parked squares than by endowing libraries or colleges. This simple thing of making conditions of life healthy and pleasant would do more than any other one thing to promote healthy social intercourse.

Culture is a common ground upon which all may meet, and the promoter of culture would be the promoter of social intercourse. The public school is the most ready means of promoting a general culture. More people are reached by this institution at a time when impressions are strong and lasting, than by any other means.

The public school is necessarily democratic to a degree. It is death to even juvenile snobbery to get Jean and Reginald's children together in the same school-room. The gamin who can keep at the head of his class is likely to have as much respect from his fellow-pupils as the son of the richest man who sends his children to a public school. To be sure, the child of the millionaire is not subject to these influences, for he does not go to the public school. On the other hand, schools are located so as to have different classes of children in different schools. But with all this, the influence is still broad enough to be a mighty lever in promoting better social understanding.

It is not necessary to be so careful that the children of poorer parents be rigidly separated from the children of the wealthy in these public institutions. Democracy, in its truest and broadest sense, should be insisted upon. The school should be a republic of intellect, where the brightest get the prizes—without, however, making the competition for intellectual distinction so sharp as to arouse the usual jealousies. Indeed, the school system might be given a hold upon the affection of children, which would give a feeling of brotherhood, more or less strong, among all those who were educated in the public schools. This feeling should be cultivated. By societies and lectures it should be kept alive in the years when the pupil has grown to manhood or to womanhood.

There would seem to be no good reason

why communities which support state universities for the higher education of a very few should not supplement the common school, by the lecture course for adults, until the essentials of higher education should be within reach of everybody whose taste could be turned in that direction.

Such a broadened democratic school system, exerting its influence from the cradle to the grave, must be an immense power for the promotion of social intercourse.

If the Golden Rule were generally applied in the United States to-day, there would be no exclusive classes. One cannot imagine any one who put into practice the religion of Christ, as it is taught in the Sermon on the Mount, snubbing a fellow-being or causing him the pain of humiliation or isolation. This branch of the work is with the churches which are built in the name of the great Teacher of Mankind. The churches now divided into sects and quarreling over non-essentials while losing sight of the great work of promoting brotherhood and morality, might bring more real paradise to the earth than is even dreamed of by the worshipers whose eyes are straining for glimpses of glories beyond.

One's belief in the Nicene Creed or the Westminster Confession is not so essential as his living in his own life principles of morality. When churches take in their members on account of the practical agreement of their views on essential points of practical morality, instead of on account of their differing from others on non-essential points of doctrine, they will be in position to accomplish the maximum good along the lines of kindly and intelligent social intercourse, for this is essentially the practice of brotherly love.

Along these lines the churches must labor. Barriers should be taken down and churches consolidated wherever their beliefs touch in essentials. The exclusiveness of sect could in this way be eliminated, and with such liberal ideas of practical morality there could remain little of the exclusiveness of caste.

The work of the church is ridding the world of prisons and almshouses by removing the necessity for such institutions, and nobody who is human can fail to sympathize with such work. The church would cease to be a burden or a bogie. It would

become popular. Instead of a brake upon progress, it would become the handmaid of civilization in its truest sense. The church leads more directly to the home than does any other institution, and a popularized church would be a most powerful promoter of social intercourse.

There is not an organization of human beings that does not tend to develop one's social instincts. For that reason the individual who helps along the establishing of a club or a fraternal organization is promoting the social welfare of his fellow-men. It is for him and his liberal companions to say whether the organizations with which they are connected shall be made so formal and exclusive as to become promoters of snobbery.

After the government, the school, the church, and the fraternity, or club, have done all that they can to bring men together; and after men interested in the social welfare of mankind have done all they can to make each of these agencies what it should be, there is still a problem to be solved. Distinctions between classes, even in the great cities of America, are too broad and deep to be obliterated by even the institutions which take such an important part in the lives of men.

The social life of the city is distinctly the product of industrial conditions. The family in the Westchester palace is not likely to have calling acquaintance with the Long island fisherman. It is possibly better for both that this should be so while one dwells in a palace and the other in a fisherman's hut. There is no common ground upon which, under ordinary conditions, they can meet. Unless the social reformer is able to find and eliminate the causes which differentiate the millionaire and the hungry laborer out of work, he cannot hope to bring about anything like a general kindly and intelligent association of the denizens of the great city.

Social extremes are extremes for lack of common interests. That which separates them from each other tends to isolate them from individuals of the same class. The only possible common grounds are found in the institutions which I have mentioned—the government, the school, the church, the fraternal or literary organization.

I assume that citizens of America prefer

to meet on a common level or not at all. The condescending charity which we hear so much about, while undoubtedly well-meaning, is a promoter of beggary, jealousy and degradation on the one hand, and arrogance, pride and hypocrisy on the other. It is "not what we give but what we share" that makes the groundwork of true human brotherhood.

The problem in the town of five thousand or ten thousand inhabitants is not different from that in the great city, except in matters of detail. The same agencies are there. The extremes are not so great and the work is not so complicated or difficult.

The school, the church, the government and the fraternal organization form a larger part in the life of a people cut off from theaters and other forms of amusement which prevail in a great city. The problem, in so far as government forms a part, should be treated just the same as in the big city. Make the government, while interfering as little as possible with private life, enter as far as possible into the life of the people.

The public school, fully organized and supplemented by a lecture system, would play a most important part. It must be the place of entertainment, to some extent, as well as the place of instruction. The differences in its pupils in such a place are not radical enough to prevent the building up of that spirit of comradeship which grows out of getting instruction from the same source.

In the church the problem would vary by the necessity of overcoming dogmatic narrowness to a greater, and social exclusiveness to a less, degree. The power of music as a cultivator of the social instinct might be used to advantage in connection with the church in the smaller place. It would be the connecting link between the church and the literary society or the school.

The fraternal organization, too, is more important in the smaller town than in the great city, and its development along broader lines would lead to a better social understanding. While with a perfect or an ideal social organization, there would be no place for the "fraternity," the very fact of its existence proves that it now has work to perform. Its broader development would mean a broader social development.

In the matter of making it a place of

pleasant homes, the problem would be much more simple than in the great city. Space, and plenty of it, is usually easily had. Intelligent system, such as was suggested in connection with the city, is the only thing lacking to make the smaller towns very pleasant places to live in.

In the village of two thousand, narrowness and petty jealousies would be the most difficult factors to contend with. The agencies for the betterment of the social understanding are practically the same. Development is along the indicated lines. But the task is much lighter. Make villagers public-spirited by making much of their government. Keep down sectarian bitterness by the employment of tactful and broad-minded clergymen, and the problem in the village would not be difficult.

I have left the influence of the home out of consideration so far. All who believe in kindly social intercourse will instill into their children the true dignity of character. Old and young must take those they meet for what they are, not what they "came from."

When men become sufficiently intelligent to understand their true relations to one another, there will be no need of special effort to promote social intercourse. Until then the instruments must be the social organizations already in existence. The man of universal brotherhood, should such a creature ever inhabit the earth, will be he who cannot be comfortable, however well housed or well fed, while any human being shivers or is hungry. He will see no honor in greed which collects wealth which cannot be used by its possessor, while the lack of it by those from whom it was taken makes them supremely wretched. He will see no merit in indulgence without aim, and will contend that the greatest honor is due those who give their fellow-men full return for all they enjoy.

Men will continue to struggle against greed and exclusiveness until they pause to study the real reasons for these things. The age which discovers a remedy for the present great extremes in material possessions, and applies it, will be the golden age. Give each man what he earns and nothing more, and all other desirable things shall be added. Society, the home, the state, will become ideal.



BIG MICK AND THE "GANKAUN."

Drawn by
F. D. Steele.

"A SOD O' TURF."

BY HUGH J. GILLAPHINN.

IN San Francisco, one day not long ago, I was in conversation with a good old Irish woman. She was telling me that all her people were dead, or settled at a great distance from her and neglecting to write for years, as frequently and inexplicably happens. "But wait a bit," she said, in her native Gaelic; "I have something to show you," and she left the room, returning a little later with the something carefully wrapped up in soft tissue paper, tied with a green ribbon. It was "a sod o' turf" from Ireland, "and I'll have it buried with me in the coffin." Some minds would probably see in this remark but the material for a coarse jest, but to a Celt there was something touching in this clinging to a sod from green Tyrone. When all near and dear on this earth had left her, she had at least this humble souvenir of the bright purple heath, and the balmy Irish air of the turf-bog over which she had skipped, some fifty years before, in her young strength and light-heartedness. It was none of your sods of "spoddagh," or soft brown or yellow, light, porous and spongy stuff, such as wily bogmen impose

on unwary housekeepers, nor was it the "mud turf" or "hand turf" made into an artificial sod from the dregs of the bog, but a hard, bricklike, coal-black sod, cut by the sharp "slane" from the bottom of the "high bank"—one of those sods which our mothers looked for when some deed of cookery was to be done, and when they said to one of us, "Go out to the clamp, alanna, an' bring in a lock o' keerauns." Yes, this was the "keeraun," or rather the father of keerauns (a word I had not thought of in years), those small black sods, or pieces of sods, which when heated up became fiery-red "keers," or glowing coals.

This black sod of turf—how it reminded one of the days when we "cut" and "pitched" the turf on the "high bank" (no light work was that same pitching), and then duly "footed" it in neat "gro-gauns," afterward carrying it home in "pardogues," or wicker baskets, one swung each side of a donkey's or horse's saddle. And how the donkey would career, with his load, down the frequent steep inclines, threatening dire peril to the hardy "gos-soon," or "girshagh," that sat behind the

baskets. Sometimes a small child in one basket was balanced by a rock in the other, when there was no load of turf to be carried. On more level roads, the turf was drawn home more quietly in drays with crates standing on the sides; and often, to carry an extra load, the sods were built on the upper edge of the crate, into a "borderogue," or border, raising the sides by one or two sods, and thus carrying an additional pile. Then, at the house, came the scientific building of the turf "clamp," with its sloping wall of the squarest, brick-like sods. The building of this wall was quite an art in itself, and was called "curring," or "freeing," the turf (which, being interpreted, means cornering and walling the turf rick). Every year, in the fall, the parish priest would give out on the altar the names of those, the chief farmers of the parish, who were to come and draw home the parochial turf, and with us, in old Father Hugh's time, the wind-up invariably was, "And little Tom the Thatcher will come and curr the clamp." And no man walked out of that church half so proud as the said Tom the Thatcher, who thus, for the time at least, became a parochial dignitary, and almost a member of the hierarchy.

Very hard and slavish work was this cutting of turf on the bleak bog, but there was a recompense for it all when winter came around the clear turf-fire under the great chimney which towers over every Irish hearth. The days of sun-worship may be gone, but the hearth is still the central point of the home, and on winter nights all the household and visiting neighbors crowd around it; the "bracket" shins of the healthy, bare-legged children giving visible proof of their devotions at the fireside. Most of all, the hearthstone is the center of attraction in the winter, when at nightfall the flagged floor of the kitchen is newly swept, and the stools, long and short, three-legged and four-legged, are drawn up near the fire to await the expected neighbors who come "a-kailey." "Companionship," I believe, is the original meaning of this Irish word; the same thing was called "sgoruidheacht" in the south of Ireland—that is, the "unhitching," as I understand it, after the work of the day is done. The kailey

was in olden days, and indeed still is in most places, the rural substitute for newspaper, club and Parliament. Oftentimes people went every night of the year, for years and years, to the same kailey-house, usually some small farmer's house, the attractions of which were often the subject of denunciation by the rich farmers' wives, who did not wish to see their sons and husbands stroll off from their own comfortable hearths to hear all the news and comments of the neighborhood at the more humble fireside. Some of the habitues, or kaileys, came every night over a mile to take their accustomed place under the wide chimney, through which those sitting nearest the hob could, if they but looked upward, see the stars in the heavens outside—that is to say, if they could see anything at all through the crowd of various articles that usually were hung up in the chimney, from fitches of bacon put up to dry, to blackthorn sticks, which, after having been straightened, oiled and otherwise prepared, were placed in the sooty chimney to season and take on a good black color. How often we have heard the phrase, "I have a wattle in the chimney for him"—an ominous phrase for "him." I often wonder how we all did not die of drafts and colds in these early days, for the blast on the backs of those seated round the hearth, and the rush of air up the wide chimney, must have been tremendous.

Let us pull the "fong," or thong of leather, that works the door-latch, and enter to join the cheerful circle around the fire. Closing the door, we find ourselves in a sort of hall, cut off from the kitchen by a low cross-wall. Our greeting, "God save all here!" addressed to all in the house, is answered by a hearty "God save you kindly!" While some of those inside reconnoiter us through a pane of glass (which indeed is often not there at all) set in the cross-wall, there is a general invitation to "Come in an' sit down," "Sit down an' make a kailey," "Take an air o' the fire," and the stools are pulled out, and the fireside circle is enlarged to make room for the new-comer near the fire. And now, on the hearth, behold our friend the sod of turf, with many of his family. I mean when the house belonged, as it

usually did, to people who could afford to burn turf. The poorest people had to be content with "brosna," or firewood, painfully gathered up, and often giving forth more pungent smoke than comfortable heat. How little is needed to comfort the very poor! In Ireland many an old man or woman of over eighty years is glad to crawl a mile and more to gather a broсна for the fire of that evening, and seeing, as one often does in the great Western forests on the Pacific coast, such great and wanton destruction of timber, one cannot help thinking how many thousands of humble hearths would be gladdened by a small fraction of the waste on American soil.

But to return to our turf-fire, as we find it in the snug house of the small farmer. In the winter-time there was first of all a backing, corresponding to the New England back-log, of turf-mold. Then, on the hearth, around the central "greeshagh," or embers, the sods were raised on end, light, tindery sods first, then black, coal-like sods outside. Soon the central sods lit up, and presently the whole heart of the fire was a tangle of blue, purple, yellow and red flames, according to the nature of the turf. The mazy lines of this tangle follow the fiber of the various sods, and what could not the imaginative Celtic eyes of the children see there? Brilliant illustrations of all the folk-lore of the fireside—there were swords, spears, shields and helmets; giants and pigmies; castles and citadels; forests and meadows; kings, princesses, heroes and henwives—all the personages of fairy-lore. Here those who were specially qualified could read for



Drawn by
F. D. Steele.

"SOMETIMES A SMALL CHILD IN ONE
BASKET WAS BALANCED BY A
ROCK IN THE OTHER."

you the secrets of the future and show you, in the gradually brightening lines of flame, the sketch of a most cheering or woe-inspiring destiny. Gradually the fibers were burnt out, the central sods became ashes, the fire yielded and sank gradually at the middle, finally flattening out in smoldering half-sods, until again reconstructed. Or perhaps at the most glittering stage of its life, the ruthless "bean an tighe," or housewife, would, with destructive tongs, rake out the vital "greeshagh," or embers, and spread them on the outer flags of the hearth, scorching the shins of the kaileys

and driving them farther back into the kitchen.

After the work of the day, and the attendant mixing with the neighbors, and perhaps meeting with an occasional stranger, each of the fireside company would have something to tell. Twenty years ago, the daily paper was a rare visitor to the rural districts of Ireland, and indeed but few houses got the "Weekly News," which was the great popular organ. The much commoner source of information, as quoted at the fireside, used to be, "A man I met abow on the road," or, "A piece iv a newspaper I picked up on the road abow," or, "A letther from America that kem to Dooley's." Then there were local and industrial topics—the prices of stock and seed and crops; the rise and fall of wages; impending marriages, and thousands of other things of great interest. Of course, if the newspaper was to be had, and some one with sufficient schooling to read it, there would be intense interest in the news of the world. The Franco-Prussian war fell within the fireside period which I remember most distinctly, and as the Germans were understood to be related to the English, at least through their royal family, all the sympathy of Ireland was with the French, old friends of the Irish. Afterward there was the exposure of the calumnies of Froude by Father Tom Bourke, and every week's paper, for a long period, gave one of the great lectures, to hear which all the neighbors were sure to assemble. And in the general eagerness to hear the slanderer of Ireland refuted, and the glories of ancient Erin extolled, the rush candle was often neglected, it burnt down, flickered, there was a sudden and simultaneous shout of "Help the candle!" but it was too late, the rush candle was out. The rush candle is now almost "out" forever; its day (or should we not rather say night?) is almost over. Thirty years ago, in most places in rural Ireland, it was the only light in the cottage or in the farmer's kitchen. The Standard Oil Company was in the bosom of futurity, and candles, whether paraffin, mold or "dip," were spoken of in the cottage only in connection with great occasions such as wakes and weddings, or in farmers' houses were used only in the parlor. At regular intervals "Jinny the

Rish," or "Mary the Heath," came round with their bundles of besoms and peeled rushes and found a ready sale. The rushes, peeled of the outer skin, with the exception of a thin line that held the pith together, were then dipped in lard, and stored in a long box that was usually to be seen over the arch of the wide fireplace. From the box they were taken as needed, and set in the long candlestick. In this case the name was no misnomer; in its simplest form it was a rod about three feet high, the lower end stuck in a big square sod of turf that rested steadily on the floor, while the upper end was split for a few inches to receive the rush. The rush itself was about two feet long, and was set in the split about three inches from the top. I remember there was an art in lighting an obdurate rush: you dipped the head of it in the ashes, then it took fire easily from the nearest flaming sod. A more elaborate rush candlestick, to be seen in all comfortable houses, consisted of a round piece of wood the size of a large plate, resting on the ground; standing in this was a stick an inch thick and three feet high, on the top of which was a double iron head; one side of this, shaped like a pincers, held the rush, the other was intended to hold an ordinary candle. As the rush burnt down rather quickly, and had to be "helped," or raised in the pincers, every five minutes or so, one of the youngsters was usually seated near the candle for the express purpose of "helping the candle." And often and often a disposition for study first showed itself by a readiness to forego the fun of the young people's games and to sit helping the rush and listening to the paper or book in which the older people were interested.

The whole scene comes back to my eyes as though I had seen it but yesterday: The wide fireplace, flanked on one side by a low cross-wall, which cut off the draft from the door of the kitchen, and enabled those at the fire to reconnoiter all strangers through a square hole that commanded a view of the door. The firelight, bright and cheery, flashing backward, through the groups at the hearth, upon the glittering dresser with its rows of plates, cans and noggins at the back of the kitchen, and the white tables and solid settle-bed that

stood around the walls. At the fire a group of youngsters full of glee, seated on their low "creepies" or on the ground, around one of their number telling some entrancing story. The bean an tighe and other women, with one eye and ear for their own work or chat, and another for the conversation or argument of the men. And the men, with the reader near the rush as center, in high discourse, criticism or appreciation, until perhaps some unlucky slip of a shaky stool-leg would lay one of the talkers on his back and interrupt the flow of eloquence for a space.

The great landmarks of fireside history were "the year o' the short oats" (1826),

puts thim on, that's the one that can knock the news out of it."

There are districts in which, even to the present day, there is little or no newspaper news by the winter fireside, but where the topics that help to "shorten the night" are of a very different character. I mean the secluded districts in which the old Celtic tongue is still in general use, and in which, owing to the repressive policy of the red-tape authorities, the native language has never been taught to the people. As a result, but few of them read either English or Irish, and as these places are the poorest and send the largest population of immigrants to the United States, it is



Drawn by F. D. Steele.

THE TURF-PIT.

"the night o' the big win" (1839), "the year of O'Connell's meeting on Tara" (1843), the famine period (1847) and "the time o' the Fenians" (1867), with times of great local elections, and more recently the various phases of the Home Rule movement. It is politics, rather than schools, that have of late years made Ireland a country of newspapers. Even those who could not read, would bring home the paper in stirring political times. "I thought you couldn't read, Ned," said the parish priest to an old parishioner, whom he saw bringing home a very fiery newspaper. "Sorra word, yer Riverence," said Ned, "but when Judy wipes her specs and

the retrograde and unpatriotic policy of the educational authorities in Ireland that has given that country the evil position of third place among the illiterate countries of the world, as computed by the United States Immigration Office. No Irishman can fail to applaud the action of the Gaelic League in taking in hand the education of the Irish-speaking people. It is a grand national work, neglected by those supposed to attend to it. Thirty years ago there were probably a million people speaking Irish. Few of them read the newspapers, but in compensation they had a world of imaginative literature, preserved to them by the traditional "sgeuluidhes," or story-

tellers, who, even yet, are to be found in these remote districts. The literature which nowadays is attracting to Irish libraries the learned of France and Germany, is preserved in a popular form on the lips of the people, and is heard best at the Gaelic-speaking fireside. Here the children learn the story of Cuchullin and of Queen Mave, of Lir and of Usna, of Cormac and the doughty Finn Mac Coval. The old legends of Patrick, Brigid and Columcille are handed down, and every rath and wood, every hill and glen, every ruined shrine and holy well, every castled crag and inland lake, has its own legendary history. The fame of Brian Borumha, of O'Neill and O'Donnel, of O'Sullivan and O'More, are handed on from old to young. Nor is the more imaginary world of Celtic romance forgotten. A single night at a Gaelic-speaking fireside would fill the notebook of a folk-lorist. Giants and pigmies, the gifts of the "seventh son" and the fate and fortune of the "third brother," the strength and wisdom of the friendly horse, eagle, fox and salmon that the hero calls upon in his hour of need, are not surpassed or indeed equaled by the early romance of any country. Or again, you may listen, in the ruddy light of the turf-fire, to those eerie tales of the "borderland," in which appear not only the orthodox, every-day (or every-night) ghost, but also the more misty "fetch," or second-sight, the deaf coach, the "pooka," or, going deeper into the unsubstantial world of spirits, one may hear of the various ranks and degrees of the fairy world, from the historic banshee, or "woman of the mound," to the spirits of Hallow Eve, or the rarer "leprehaun," or "gankaun."

"Tell me, now, do you think is there such things as fairies in it at all, at all?" is a question often put, in these skeptical days, by the old people who in their youth regarded the world of spirits as real as that of ghosts. Which of us in our early days (at least, when out late at night) doubted the existence of the leprehaun, or gankaun? Why, we often just longed to meet him, so that we could force him to show us his stores of hidden treasure! It was an article of childish belief, that the acorn-cups were gankauns' pipes. Well do I mind a coeval of my own, ever afterward called Gankaun

Duffy from the incident which I am about to relate, and which I can recall as though it happened a few days ago instead of A.D. 1870 or thereabout.

There were some large fields of pasture near our place, and in the early summer these had to be cleared of the big thistles that were sure to grow up. Gangs of small children, each armed with a turf-slane, or light spade, were hired for a small sum to dethistle the field; they went up and down, clearing a broad road each trip. I remember well one of those big fields, green as only green is seen in Irish grass. It was there that on dewy June mornings we searched barefoot for the luscious mushrooms that had shot up during the night, and having found them, strung them on long "thrauneens" (stalks of grass) and ran home to roast them on the greeshaugh—yum! yum! even yet my mouth waters at the thought of these little "cups" full of juice. In that field there was, away toward the middle, a small mound topped by a "lone bush," and as everybody knows, a lone bush is not to be disturbed, being the peculiar haunt of the good people. This day, the gang of small workers, all of them aged nine or ten years, and including Johnny Duffy, had cleared a large space of the field, and on this trip were just skirting the lone bush. As they were approaching it, sweeping down the thistles before them, Johnny's spade suddenly stopped, poised in the air, his eyes were fastened for a moment on the mound, then he let one yell out of him, flung his little spade at the butt of the lone bush, turned and ran for dear life across the field, cleared a big ditch, and fell in a faint among the men working in the next field. When he came to, he gave a detailed and thrilling account of what he had seen suddenly appear on the mound—the little man about two feet high, with red breeches, yellow waist-coat, green coat, and all the insignia of a gankaun, or leprehaun. The story fell upon believing ears, at least in the case of big Mick Hennessey, an old workman. A few days afterward, old Mick was working alone, "landing" potatoes, and no doubt thinking of the leprehaun over there at the bush, when, all of a sudden, in the drill a few yards before him, what appeared to his eye but the very same little man, green

coat, red breeches and all? Mick thought his fortune was made. He had visions of the leprehaun safely caught and carried home and put on the heated griddle until he revealed his hidden treasures of gold. Now, you must never take your eyes off a gankaun, and poor Mick had the unfortunate habit, when he stopped digging, of sticking his spade behind him. The old habit was too strong; in his excitement Mick turned around for one instant and stuck his spade in the ground, and when he looked again the gankaun was gone.

One thing may be noticed in the places in which the old Celtic tongue is yet used, and that is the marvelous knowledge that every-

that the sick man was "very donney," and then "not expected," and presently they were discussing his funeral. Most of the older women "had cures" for common ailments. Then there was the man whom a stranger, hearing his name, would write down as "the Arab doctor." But no Moorish physician of romance was meant—simply one especially skilled in the virtues of herbs or, as they were called, 'erribs or 'arribs. Then, of course, "the seventh son" was by birth a powerful healer, and even to infants corresponding to that description were brought the sick and the halt to be "touched." Here and there would be a house that "had the cure" of



Drawn by F. D. Steele.

"IN THE RUDDY LIGHT OF THE TURF-FIRE."

body, young and old, has of the names and properties of all herbs and grasses. Many of our trees have healing properties in their leaves, berries or roots; and many plants, mosses and seaweeds give good dyes. All these things are known to all the Irish-speaking people, who are also familiar with the names of birds and insects in a way that would surprise educated people, who, as a rule, know nothing of common things around them. In the old times, a doctor was called upon only in very extreme cases. The phrase one usually heard was that such a one was "after havin' the priest an' doctor," and after that you usually heard

some ailment. One old lady had the cure of the wildfire; the friends of the sick sent her fresh, unsalted butter, which she mixed, praying over it. The butter was used as a salve, so the cure was a plain, sensible remedy. Another cure, really effected by nature when given the necessary time, was the cure for a sty on the eye. Every morning, for nine successive mornings, you pointed nine gooseberry thorns, pulled off the bush, at the offending sty, throwing each away over the left shoulder. At the end of the nine days the sty was gone. But the thorns had nothing to do with it—it was old Dame Nature and the nine days.

Father Kneipp himself would have approved the "cup of dew" treatment, in which the fresh air and "baarfussgang" were united and disguised. The patient had to go out in the early morning before sunrise and walk barefoot through the dewy grass, gathering with a cup the sparkling dew, and drinking it as gathered until it was thought a cupful had been drunk. The plan had good results in most cases. Passing over several real herbal remedies, I may mention another cure, for which patients came to a house near by ours. It was a remedy for a grave ailment, locally known as "a pain 'ithin in you." On a basis of whisky, there was a mixture of "fifteen pennorths" of fifteen different powerful and burning drugs; the resultant medicine being able to double up the patient at the first mouthful. When he recovered his breath, he was usually able to declare that the "pain 'ithin in you" was gone. I must not omit mention of a cure in which the influence was not of a spirituous character, but rather of a spiritual nature, and which I commend to the investigation of the spiritualists and theosophists, for there may be something of palingenesis about it. The malady, in this case, was a swelling of the face and throat—perhaps the mumps. In Gaelic it is called "lecnach," or "big-cheek." I remember vividly one instance of the cure being used. The place was next house to ours, more particularly the pigsty and pigyard adjacent. The time was morning, about seven o'clock. The subject, or victim, was our neighbor's boy, Ned, aged seven or eight years, and suffering from the aforesaid "big-cheek." The chief actor was an old woman famous over the district for her cures. While the boy was yet in bed, she arrived, and was conducted to the room of the patient. Him she divested of all apparel whatsoever, and led forth toward the pigsty. He resisted violently, and was seized aloft and carried by the old woman, and dropped, howling fearfully, before the assembled pigs. The healer repeated some lines that have escaped my memory, but ending with "lecnach, lecnach, fall upon the pigs!" Perhaps the principle of the cure was that the blood was sluggish; if so, the cure was calculated to set it in active motion.

Still more mysterious in its operations

(if it did operate) was the popular cure for a disease of children—I think it was scarlet fever. When a child fell sick, a messenger was sent hotfoot to its godfather, who was required to go and buy a yard-long of red tape or thread, join the two ends in a "black" knot (can one put a black knot on a red thread?) and place the ring so made over the neck of the patient. Very often that is the only godfatherly duty ever asked at the hands of a sponsor. The red thread, in this, as in all other cases, came down from ancient pagan times, when red was a symbol of fire, and when fire-worship was all that was left of primitive sun-worship. We have the same surviving link with the past in the habit, even yet in vogue in secluded districts of Ireland, of throwing a coal of fire, for luck, after a person starting on a journey of importance. An old neighbor of ours, Betty Callaghan, had a great belief in the efficacy of this send-off, and would always fling a coal, or at least the tongs, after her son Tom whenever he started off on any business of consequence. On one occasion, in the excitement of the moment, she gave the tongs such a vigorous whirl that they flew through the air and caught Tom on the back of the head, knocking him down and partially stunning him, and making him so angry that he positively gave up his intended journey to a neighboring fair. But old Betty always maintained that even on this occasion the ceremony was successful, as Tom was saved from a bad market.

Many a curious and ancient practice one will hear discussed in this way by the comfortable turf-fire, and a stranger would be puzzled to make out the attitude of the speakers toward those survivals of the olden time. At one moment you would perhaps be inclined to think that the people took all those cures and interventions of unearthly powers for gospel, while the next instant the humorous comments and laughter of the fireside circle will show you that their virtues are regarded as more fanciful than real. The genial Celtic mind has in nearly all cases given a harmless form to those remnants of paganism, and in many instances it has thrown a halo of poetry and romantic tradition around them that is very attractive. As education advances, these practices and traditions are gradually

disappearing, but they will long serve as a subject for the old people to "come over," as they say, or discuss at the winter fireside. What a capital phrase it is, too, that "come over," and how many unexpected things are discussed even in the most remote corners of Ireland. "Gosther," or small-talk, and "shanaghush," or talk about "oul' times," are not the only matter that helps to shorten the evenings. I think it is Mr. Stephen Crane who has said that in a Munster village, of a few houses, he heard old men discuss at length the politics of the world at large. The "Rooshians" and the "Prooshians" were names that resounded nightly for many years in all Irish kailey-houses, and I knew an old man whose last years were worried by an uncertainty about the fate of Osman Digna. The fact is, people in Ireland are interested in everything that gives scope to the imagination to stray from the impoverished, and often almost hopeless, surroundings of home, where an evil and alien system abolished all industries, discouraged labor and thrift, and offered no prospects for the future. Let us hope that the present prospects, which look much brighter, will turn out really so.

It would take a large volume to do justice to all the subjects that crop up year after year for the discussion of the kailcayers. There is a fireside Department of the Interior, which is great on poultices, lotions and possets for colds and other common ailments; there is a trade department which handles questions as to prices of home products such as "flannen," frieze, linsey-woolsey, yarn, linen, flax, wool,

spinning-wheels and all the various operations concerning wool and flax. There is the children's department, with all its games and rhymes (some of them very quaint and curious), which often raise such a "bobbery" that they are cut short by the elders, and the young people ordered to prepare their school-lessons for the next day. Many a man, afterward famous in church or state, conned his school-books by the flickering rush-light, or the still more uncertain flame of the burning fire of turf-sods. And, by the way, the turf-sod

was connected with education in yet another way. Education is free in Ireland, but as the salaries of teachers are small, each school-child whose parents can afford it is expected to bring a penny a week as a fee. In winter-time, each

pupil must also bring a sod of turf every Monday morning toward the school-fire of the coming week. A hard black sod is required; none of the soft stuff that burns up

in a moment, giving a dense blue smoke but little heat. Woe betide the boy who on Monday morning does not produce his weekly sod.

And woe again to the owners of clamps of turf near the school, for the boy who has left home turfless, but careless, as he comes nearer and nearer the school, and thinks of the master's inquisitorial eye, his brief "Where's your sod?" and his latent cane, will regret his fault and try to procure a sod by one means or another. Well, from even such humble beginnings have come great men, lawyers, doctors, bishops, and even cardinals, so that, as the saying goes, "the penny a week was not lost on them."



Drawn by
F. D. Steele.

"LECNACH, LEKNACH, FELL UPON THE
PIGS!"

THE BUSHWHACKER NURSE.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

THE Daughter of the House, her fair cheeks a little flushed, walked rapidly down the broad center path of the garden, looking for John Gayther, the gardener. She soon saw him at work in a bed of tomato-plants.

"John," said she, "I have just finished composing a story and I came out to tell it to you before I write it. I want to do this because you compose stories yourself, which in some ways are a good deal like this one of mine. But I can't tell it to you out here in the sun. Isn't there something you can do under the garden-shed? Haven't you some pea-sticks to sharpen?"

"Oh, yes, miss," said John Gayther, with great alacrity, "and if you will go and make yourself comfortable under the shed I will be there in a few moments."

It was rather difficult for John Gayther to find any pea-sticks which had not already been stuck into the ground, or which wanted sharpening, but he succeeded in getting a small armful of them, and with these he came to the shed where the young lady was seated. He drew up a stool, and opened a big knife.

"Now," said she, gazing through her gold-rimmed spectacles far out into the sunlit garden, "this is the story of a girl."

John Gayther nodded approvingly. The story of a girl was exactly what he would like to hear, provided it was told by the young lady who sat in front of him.

"She was of an independent turn of mind," said the Daughter of the House, "and there were a great many things in this world which bored her, not because they were uninteresting in themselves, but because she could not enjoy them in the way which suited her. She had thought of hundreds of things she would like to do if she only could do them in her own way and without control by other people. She was very anxious to perform deeds, noble deeds, if possible, but she could not endure the everlasting control which seems to be thought necessary in this world, at least for girls. The consequence of this was that she spent a great deal of her time in doing things which made no imprint what-

ever upon the progress of the world or upon the elevation of her own character.

"Now it happened that at the time of my story there was a war in the land and a great many people with whom my heroine was acquainted went forth to do battle for their country and their principles, or to act patriotically in some other way than fighting. I forgot to say that my heroine is named Almia——"

"De Ponsett, I suppose," interrupted John Gayther. "Almia de Ponsett is the name of a beautiful new white tea-rose."

"Not at all," said the young lady, drawing her eyebrows slightly together.

"It is simply Almia. She grew more and more dissatisfied every day the war went on. Everybody who was worth anything was doing something and here she was doing nothing. What was there she could do? This became the great question of her life. If I were about to write out this story I would say something here about the workings of her mind, but that is not necessary now. But her mind did work a great deal and the end of it was that she determined to be a nurse. Nursing, indeed, is the only thing a young woman can do in a war.

"But when she began to make inquiries about army nurses, what they ought to do, how they ought to do it, and all that, she ran up against that terrible bugbear of control. Everything was control, control, control, and she really began to despair. There were examinations and trainings and applications to the surgeon-general, and to the assistant surgeon-general, and to special heads of departments, to districts, to states—and to counties, for all I know. There was positively no end to the things she must do to get a regular appointment to go forth and do her duty to her country. So she threw up the whole business of regular army nursing and made up her mind to go out into the field of duty to which she had appointed herself, and do the things she ought to do in the way she thought they ought to be done. She likened herself to the knights of old who used to go forth to fight for their ladies and for the upholding of chivalry. She wanted to be a sort of

free lance, but she did not want to hire herself to anybody. She did not fancy being anything like a guerrilla, and then it suddenly struck her that if she did just as she wanted to do she would resemble a bushwhacker more than anything else. A bushwhacker is an honest man. When there is no war he whacks bushes, that is, he cuts them down, and when there is a war——"

"He whacks the enemy," suggested John Gayther.

The Daughter of the House smiled a little. "Yes," she said, "he tries to do that, but he is entirely independent; he is under nobody—and that suited Almia. A bushwhacker nurse was exactly what she wanted to be, and as soon as this was settled she made all her preparations to go to the war."

"Of course," said John Gayther, "the young lady's parents—or perhaps she did not have any parents?"

The Daughter of the House frowned. "Now, John," said she, "I don't want anything said about parents. There were no parents in this story, at least none to be considered. I don't say whether they were dead or not, but the story has nothing to do with them. Parents would be very embarrassing, and I don't want to stop to bother with them."

"The first thing Almia did was to fit herself out after the fashion which she thought was best adapted to a bushwhacker nurse. She wore heavy boots, and a bicycle skirt which just came to the top of the boots, and in this skirt she put ever so many pockets. She wore a little cap with a strap to go under the chin, and from her belt on the left side she hung a very little cask, which she happened to have, something like those carried by the Saint Bernard dogs in Switzerland when they go to look for lost travelers, and this she filled with brandy. In her pockets she put every kind of thing that wounded men might want—adhesive plaster, raw cotton, bandages, some pieces of heavy pasteboard to make splints, needles and fine silk for sewing up cuts, and a good many other things suitable for wounded people. And in the right-hand pocket of her skirt she carried a pistol with five barrels."

"My conscience!" exclaimed John

Gayther, "that was dangerous! And then, you know, nurses hardly ever carry pistols."

"But this was necessary," said she, "as you will see as the story goes on. Then, when she had put on a long waterproof cloak, which covered everything, she was ready to go to war."

"Almia knew by the papers," continued the Daughter of the House, "that a great battle was expected to take place not far from a town at some distance from her home, and she went to this town by rail, carrying only a small hand-bag in addition to the things she wore under her waterproof. She took lodgings at a hotel, and after an early breakfast the next morning she hired a cab to take her out to the battle-field. The cabman drove her several miles into the country, but when he heard the booming of the preliminary cannon with which the battle was then opening, he refused to go any farther, and she was obliged to get out at the corner of a lane and the high road. She paid the man his fare, and gave him five dollars extra, and then she engaged him to call at that place for her at eight o'clock that evening. She was sure the battle would be over by that time, as it would be beginning to get dark. The cabman was sorry to leave her there to walk the rest of the way, but his horse was afraid of cannon, and he did not dare to go farther."

"Almia took off her waterproof and left it in the cab, and the cabman was a good deal astonished when he saw her without it. He said he supposed she was a reporter and that the little cask was full of ink. He had driven lady reporters about before this. But Almia told him she was a nurse, and that he must not fail to call for her at the time appointed, and then he drove away, and she walked rapidly along the lane, which seemed to lead toward the battle-field. The lane soon began to curve, and she left it and walked across several fields. Soon she came to some outposts, where the sentries wanted to know where she was going. Of course, the sentries behind an army are not as strict as those in front of it, and so when she informed them she was a nurse they told her how to get to the field-hospital, which was a mile or more away."

"But Almia did not intend to go to any hospital. She knew if she did she would immediately be put under orders, and now her blood was up and she could stand no orders. She thought she perceived a faint smell of powder in the air. This made her feel wonderfully independent, and she strode onward with a light and fearless step. But when she came to a bosky copse which concealed her from the sentries, she turned away from the direction of the hospital and pressed onward toward the point from which came the heaviest sound of cannon.

"Now you must understand, John Gayther," remarked the Daughter of the House, taking off her broad hat that the breeze might more freely blow through the masses of her silvery-golden hair, "that when people who are really in earnest, especially people in fiction, go forth to find things they want, they generally find them. And if it is highly desirable that these things should be out of the common, they are out of the common. A great deal of what happens in real life, and almost everything in literature, depends on this principle. You must comprehend this because you compose stories yourself."

"Oh, yes," said the gardener, "I comprehend it perfectly."

"I say all this because of what is about to happen in this story, and also because I don't want you to make any objection in your mind on account of its not being exactly according to present usages. Almia was pushing steadily through the clump of bushes when she heard, not far away, the clash of arms. Greatly excited, she silently moved on, and peeping out from behind some foliage, she saw in a small open space in the woods two men engaged in single combat. How her heart did beat! She was nearly frightened to death. But she did not think of flight; her eyes were glued upon the fascinating spectacle before her. Often had she heard of two brave swordsmen fighting each other to the bitter end, and often had she dreamed of these noble contests, but her eyes were all unfamiliar with such inspiring sights. This truly was war.

"The combatants were both moderately young men, athletic and active, one with brown hair and the other with black.

They had thrown aside their coats and vests; and each wore a broad leathern belt. Fiercely and swiftly their long swords clashed. Sparks flew and the ring of the steel sounded far into the woods, but there was none to hear save Almia only, and her soul tingled with admiration and terror as the bright blades flashed against the background of semi-gloom which pervaded the woods. She scarcely breathed, her whole soul was in her eyes."

"I have seen it there before," thought John Gayther, but he said nothing.

"Now there was a tremendous onset from each swordsman, and the ground echoed beneath their rapid footfalls as they stamped around. Then there was a lunge and a sharp, nerve-tingling scrape as one blade ran along the other, and then, without a groan, down fell one of these brave warriors, flat upon his back on the grass, the wild flowers and bits of bark. Instantly the impulses of a woman flashed through every vein and nerve of that onlooking girl. Scarcely had the tall form of the soldier touched the sod when she became a nurse. Springing out from her leafy concealment, she knelt beside the vanquished form of the fallen man. The other soldier, who was about to rest himself by leaning on his sword, sprang back; it seemed as though there had suddenly appeared before him a being from another world.

"Every trace of enthusiastic excitement had passed away from Almia, who now had something in this world to do; and who set about doing it without loss of a second. The man was only wounded, for he opened his eyes and said so, and drawing up his shirt-sleeve he showed Almia that the cut was in the lower part of his left arm. Instantly dispatching the other soldier to a neighboring spring for water, she cleansed the wound, and finding it was not very deep, she drew the edges of the cut together and held them in place with strips of adhesive plaster. When this had been done, she wrapped the arm in several folds of bandage, and the man having risen to a sitting posture, she gave him a small draft of brandy from her cask.

"Almia now explained how she happened to appear upon the scene, and addressing the wounded man she said she

hoped she could soon find some way of conveying him to a hospital. 'Hospital,' he cried, springing to his feet under the revivifying influence of the brandy, 'no hospital for me. I can walk as well as anybody. And now, sir,' he said, speaking to his former opponent, 'am I to consider myself vanquished, and am I to go with you as your prisoner?' The other regarded him without answering, and for the moment Almia was lost in thought."

At this point John Gayther, who had been in wars, began to wonder, even if soldiers in these days should engage in single combat with long swords, how one of them could be wounded in the left arm; but he did not interrupt the story.

"The first thing that shaped itself clearly in Almia's mind was the fear of being left alone in these woods. Now that she was so near the edge of the battle there was no knowing what she might meet with next. The soldier who had conquered now spoke. 'Yes, sir,' said he, 'you are my prisoner, and it is my duty to take you to my regiment, and to deliver you to my officers. I am sorry to do so, but such are the laws of war.' The other soldier bowed his head, simply remarking, 'Proceed, I will follow you.'"

"If I should take a prisoner," thought John Gayther, "I should make him walk in front of me."

"Then Almia stepped forward; she had made up her mind, and she was very resolute. 'Gentlemen,' said she, 'this cannot be. We are near the contending forces, there may be stragglers, and I do not wish to be left alone. You are both my prisoners.' The two soldiers looked at her in utter amazement. 'Yes,' said Almia, firmly, 'I mean what I say. I am, it is true, a nurse, but I am a bushwhacker nurse, perfectly independent and free to act according to the dictates of my judgment. You are my prisoners, and if one of you attempts to escape it will be the duty of the other to assist in arresting his enemy. Do not smile; I am armed.' And with this she took from her pocket the pistol with the five barrels. The two soldiers stopped smiling. 'Yes,' continued Almia, 'I would not wish to do anything of the kind, but if either of you attempts to escape I will call upon him to halt, and

if he does not do it I will fire upon his legs while the other soldier attacks him with his sword. You are enemies, and each one of you is bound by his soldiery oaths to prevent the escape of the other. I am absolutely impartial. If either of you should be wounded, I would dress his wounds and nurse him carefully without asking to which side he belongs. But if either of you attempts to escape I will, as I said, fire at his legs without asking to which side he belongs."

"The soldier with the brown hair looked at the one with the black hair. 'If I should attempt to escape,' said he, 'would you assist this lady in restraining me?' 'I would,' answered the other. 'Then I would do the same by you,' said the first speaker. 'Miss, I am your prisoner.' 'And I also,' said the black-haired soldier."

"Well, well," said John Gayther, who had not cut a pea-stick for the last fifteen minutes, "I suppose you could not tell by their uniforms which one of them belonged to your side—I mean the young lady could not tell."

"Almia had no side," replied the Daughter of the House, "and the soldiers wore no coats, for they had thrown them aside in the heat of the combat, and she purposely took no note whatever of their trousers. She was determined to be absolutely impartial. 'Now then,' said Almia to her prisoners, 'I am going to get just as close to the battle as I can. I am delighted to have you with me, not only because you can remove wounded prisoners to shady places where I can nurse them, but because you will be a protection to me. Should an unruly soldier appear from either army, he will always be met by an enemy and by me.'

"The three now pressed on, for there was no time to lose. The roar of the battle was increasing; reports of musketry as well as of cannon rent the air, and the sharp whistling of rifle-balls could frequently be heard. Reaching a wood-road, they followed this for some distance, Almia in advance, when suddenly they came upon a man, sitting on the trunk of a fallen tree. He had a little blank-book in his hand, and apparently he was making calculations in it with a lead-pencil. At the sound of approaching footsteps he

rose to his feet, still holding the open book in his hand. He was a moderately tall man, a little round-shouldered, and about fifty years old. He wore a soldier's hat and coat, but his clothes were so covered with dust it was impossible to perceive to which army he belonged. He had a bushy beard, and that was also very dusty; he wore spectacles and had a very pleasant smile, and looked from one to the other of the new-comers with much interest. 'I hope,' said he, speaking to the soldiers, 'that this young woman is not your prisoner.' 'No, sir,' said Almia, before the others had time to reply; 'they are my prisoners.' The dusty man looked at her in amazement. 'Yes,' said the man with the black hair, 'she speaks the truth. We are her prisoners.'

'Rapidly Almia explained the situation, and when she had finished, the stranger nodded his head three or four times and put his blank-book in his pocket. 'Well, well, well,' said he, 'this is what might be expected from the tendency of the times. There are sixteen thousand two hundred and forty more women than men in this state, and many of them are single and have to do something. But a bushwhacker nurse! Truly, I never thought of anything like that!'

'And you?' asked Almia. 'I think it is right that you should give some account of yourself. I do not ask your name, nor do I wish to know which cause you have espoused. But as you appear to be a soldier, I am curious to know how you happen to be sitting by the roadside making calculations.' 'I am a soldier,' answered the dusty man, 'but under the circumstances'—regarding very closely the trowsers of Almia's two companions—'I am very glad you do not want to know to which side I belong. The facts of the case are these: I am an exceptional pedestrian, and I am also a very earnest student of social aspects considered in their relation to topography. Yesterday, when my army halted at noon, I set out to make some investigations in connection with my favorite research, and when I returned, much later than I expected, my army had gone on and I have not yet been able to come up to it, although I have walked a great many miles.'

'I should say,' remarked the soldier with the black hair, 'that you are a deserter.' 'No,' replied the Exceptional Pedestrian, 'I did not desert my army, it deserted me. And now I wish to say that I have become very much interested in you all, and, if there is no objection, I should like to join your company for the present.' 'I have no objection myself,' said Almia, 'but what do you say?' she asked, addressing the two soldiers. 'I am afraid, miss,' replied the man with the brown hair, who had recognized some peculiarities in the fashion of the stranger's dusty clothes, 'that if he attempted to leave us I should be obliged to shoot him as a deserter.' 'And I,' said the other, 'should be obliged to do the same thing because he is my enemy.' 'Under these circumstances,' said the Exceptional Pedestrian, 'I beg to insist that I be allowed to join you.'

'Almia felt she had reason to be proud: here were three military men who were in her power, and who could not get away from her. They were like three mice tied together by the tails, each pulling in a different direction and all remaining in the place where they had been dropped.'

'The party now pushed forward toward the battle's edge. 'If glory is your object,' said the Exceptional Pedestrian to Almia, 'it would have been better if you had joined a regular corps of nurses. Then any meritorious action on your part would have been noted and reported to the authorities, and your good conduct would have been recognized. But now you can expect nothing of the kind.' 'I did not come for the sake of glory,' said Almia, flushing slightly; 'I came to succor the suffering, and to do it without trammels.' 'Trammels are often very desirable,' said he; 'they enable us to proceed to a greater distance along the path of duty than we should be apt to go if we could wander as we pleased from side to side.'

'Almia was about to reply somewhat sharply to this remark, when, suddenly, they heard a sound which made their nerves tingle. It was the clang of sabers and the thunder of countless hoofs. They were in a mass of tangled underbrush, and they peeped out into a wide roadway, and beheld the approach of a regiment of cavalry. On came this tidal wave of noble horsemen;

it reached the spot where Almia's burning eyes glowed through the crevices of the foliage. Wildly galloping cavalryman after cavalryman passed her by. The eyes of the horses flashed fire, and their nostrils were widely distended as if they smelt the battle from afar. Their powerful necks were curved, their hoofs spurned the echoing earth, and their riders, with flashing blades waved high above their heads, shouted aloud their battle-cry, while their tall plumes floated madly in the surging air. And above the thunder of the hoofs and the clinking and clanging of the bits and chains and the creaking of their leathern saddles, rose the clarion voice of their leader, urging them on to victory or death.

"Almia had never been so excited in her life; she could scarcely breathe. This was the grandeur of glorious war! Oh, how willingly would she have mounted a fleet steed and followed those valiant horsemen as they thundered away into the distance!"

John Gayther had seen many a body of cavalry on the march, but he had never beheld anything like this.

"After her excitement Almia felt somewhat weak; she needed food, and when they had crossed the roadway they stopped to rest under the shade of a spreading oak. Unfortunately, the soldiers had brought no rations with them, and Almia had only some Albert biscuits, which she did not wish to eat, because she had brought them to relieve the faintness of some wounded soldier. 'If you will permit us,' said the soldier with black hair, 'we two will go out and forage. Each of us will see to it that the other returns.'

"While they were gone, the Exceptional Pedestrian conversed with Almia. 'During my investigations of the social aspects of this region,' he said, 'I put many miles between myself and the army to which I belong, but by closely adhering to certain geological and topographical principles I knew I should eventually find it. In fact, when you met with me I was making some final calculations which would not fail to show me where I should find my comrades. There is no better way to discover the position of an army than by observing the inclination of the geological strata. In this section, for instance, the general trend of the beds of limestone and quartz indicates

the direction of the running streams, and these naturally flow into the valleys and plains, and the land, being well watered, is more fertile, consequently it was soonest cleared by the settlers, while the higher ground surrounding it is still encumbered by timber growth. An army naturally desires open ground for its operations, for large bodies of cavalry and artillery cannot deploy to advantage through wooded districts. Therefore, if we follow this roadway, which, as you see, slightly descends to the northeast, we shall soon come within sight of the opposing forces.'

"'But,' said Almia, 'the roar of the battle comes over from this other way, which must be the northwest.' 'That may be,' said the Exceptional Pedestrian, 'but the principle remains.'

"The two soldiers now returned, bearing two large apple-pies, resting upon two palm-leaf fans. 'These were all we could procure,' said the brown-haired soldier, 'and the woman would not sell her plates.' The pies were rapidly divided into quarters and the hungry party began to eat. 'It is true,' said the Exceptional Pedestrian, 'that the character of the apple indicates the elevation above sea-level of the soil in which it grew. The people who grew these apples would have done much better if they had devoted themselves to the cultivation of the huckleberry. This they could have sold, and bought much better apples grown in the plains. I also notice that the flour of which this pastry is made was ground from the wheat of this region, which is always largely mixed with cockle. If the people would give up growing wheat for three or four years, cockle would probably disappear, and they would then have flour of a much higher grade.' Almia and the two soldiers could not help smiling when they perceived that while the Exceptional Pedestrian was making these criticisms he had eaten three-quarters of a pie, which was more than his share.

"When the pies had been consumed, the little party pressed forward, but not to the northeast, for the two soldiers insisted that the battle raged in the northwest and would not go in any other direction, although the Exceptional Pedestrian endeavored to overwhelm them with arguments to prove that he was right. The din of

the battle, however, soon proved that he was wrong. Penetrating an extensive thicket, they reached its outer edge, and there gazed upon a far-stretching battle-field.

"Now this would be the place," said the Daughter of the House, "for a fine description, not only of the battle-field, but of the battle which was raging upon it; and if I ever write this story I shall tell how one army was posted on one side of a wide valley while the other army was posted on the other; and how regiments and battalions and detachments from each side came down into the beautiful plain, and fought and fired and struggled until the grass was stained with blood; and how the cannon roared from the hills and mowed down whole battalions of infantry below; how brave soldiers fell on every side, wounded and dead, while men with stretchers hurried to carry them away from beneath the hoofs of the charging cavalry. I would tell how the carnage increased every moment; how the yells of fury grew louder, and how the roar of the cannon became more and more terrible.

"But all I can say now is that it was a spectacle to freeze the blood. Poor Almia could scarcely retain consciousness as she gazed upon the awful scenes of woe and suffering which spread out beneath her. And she could do nothing! Her labors would be useful only in cases of isolated woundings. If she were to mingle in the fray, she would perish in the general slaughter; and if she were to go and offer assistance in the hospitals, she would find herself but as a drop in the bucket—her efforts unrecognized, even if she were not driven away as an interloper. Besides, she did not know where the hospitals were.

"As she gazed upon this scene of horror she perceived an officer, mounted upon a noble charger and followed by several horsemen, take a position upon a hillock not far from the spot where she and her companions were concealed. From this point of vantage the officer, who was evidently a general, could perceive the whole battle-field."

"And get himself picked off by a sharp-shooter," thought John Gayther, but he did not interrupt.

"The brown-haired soldier trembled with

emotion and whispered to Almia, 'That is my Commander-in-Chief.' Even without this information Almia would have known that the stalwart figure upon the pawing steed was an officer in high command, for on his speaking a word to one of his companions, the latter galloped away into the valley toward the right, and very soon the battle raged more fiercely in that direction, and the booming of the cannon and the cracking of the rifles were more continuous. Then another officer was sent galloping to the left, and in this direction, too, the battle grew fiercer and the carnage increased. Courier after courier was sent away, here and there, until at last the Commander remained with but one faithful adherent. Since his arrival upon the hillock the horrors of the bloody contest had doubled, and Almia could scarcely endure to look into the valley.

"Is there no way," she said, in a gasping whisper, 'of stopping this? These two armies are like hordes of demons. Humanity should not permit it.' 'Humanity has nothing to do with it,' said the Exceptional Pedestrian; 'a declaration of war eliminates humanity as a social factor. Such is the usage of nations.' 'I don't care for the usage of nations,' said Almia; 'it is vile.'

"Now something very important happened in the battle-field; the Commander-in-Chief rose in his stirrups and peered afar; then, suddenly turning, he sent his only remaining follower with clattering hoofs to carry a message. 'He is making it worse!' declared Almia. 'Now more brave men will fall, more blood will flow.' 'Of course,' said the Exceptional Pedestrian, 'he gives no thought to the falling of brave men or the flowing of blood. Upon his commands depends the fate of the battle!' 'And without his commands?' asked Almia, trembling in every fiber. The Exceptional Pedestrian shrugged his shoulders and slightly smiled. 'Without them,' he said, 'there would soon be an end to the battle. He is the soul, the directing spirit, of his army. Unless he directs, the contest cannot be carried on.'

"Almia sprang to her feet, not caring whether she was seen or not. She looked over the battle-field, and her heart was sick within her. Not only did she see the

carnage which desecrated the beautiful plain, but she saw, far, far away, the mothers and sisters of those who were dead, dying and wounded; she saw the whiteness of their faces when their feverish eyes should scan the list of dead and wounded; she saw them groan and fall senseless when they read the names of loved ones—she could bear no more.

"Suddenly she turned. 'Gentlemen,' she said, 'follow me.' And without another word she stepped out into the open field, and walked rapidly toward the Commander-in-Chief, whose eyes were fixed so steadfastly on the battle that he did not notice her approach. The three soldiers gazed at her in amazement, and then they followed her. They could not understand her mad action, but they could not desert her.

"Almia stopped at the horse's head. With her left hand she seized his bridle and in a clear, loud voice she exclaimed: 'Commander-in-Chief, you are my prisoner!' There was no trembling, no nervousness, now; body and soul she was as hard as steel. The General looked down upon her in petrified bewilderment. He gazed at the three soldiers and again looked down at her. 'Girl!' he thundered, 'what do you mean? Let go my horse!' and as he said these words he gave his bridle a jerk. But the noble steed paid no attention to his master; he was not afraid of girls. In former days he had learned to like them; to him a girl meant sugar and savory clover-tops. He bent his head toward Almia and instantly her hand was in her pocket and she drew forth an Albert biscuit. The horse, which had not tasted food since morning, eagerly took it from her hand, and crunched it with delight.

"The Commander-in-Chief now became furious, and his hand sought the hilt of his sword. If Almia had been a man, he would have cut her down. 'Girl!' he cried, 'are you insane? You men, remove her instantly!' Then Almia spoke up bravely, never loosening her hold upon the bridle of the horse. 'I am not insane,' she said; 'I am a nurse, but not a common one; I am a bushwhacker nurse and that means I am entirely independent. These men are under my control. They are from the opposing armies, and compel each other to obey my

commands. I have determined to stop this blood and slaughter. If you do not quietly surrender to me, I will fire at one of your legs and call upon the soldier who is your enemy to attack you with his sword. His duty to his country will compel him to do so.'

"The General, who was now so infuriated he could not speak, jerked savagely at the reins, but Almia had just given the noble animal another biscuit, and his nose was seeking the pocket from which it came. The horse was conquered!

"At this moment a rifle-ball shrieked wildly overhead. The enemy had perceived the little party upon the hillock. The three soldiers, who stood somewhat below, shouted to Almia to come down or she would be killed. She instantly obeyed this warning, but she did not release her hold upon the General's bridle. She started down the hillock away from the battle, and the horse, who willingly subjected himself to her guidance, trotted beside her. The General did not attempt to restrain him, for he had been startled by the rifle-shot.

"A little below the edge of the hill Almia stopped, and turning toward the Commander-in-Chief, she said: 'You might as well surrender. I do not wish to injure you, but if you compel me to do so, I must.' And with this she drew the pistol from her pocket. 'Is that thing loaded?' exclaimed the General. 'It is,' answered Almia, 'and with five balls.' 'Please put it back in your pocket,' said the officer, who, for the first time during the terrible battle, showed signs of fear. 'A girl with a pistol,' said he, 'makes me shudder. Why do you stand there?' he shouted to the three men; 'come here and take her away.' But they did not obey, and the black-haired soldier stepped forward. 'You are my enemy, sir,' he said, 'and I am bound to assist in your capture if I can. There are two of your own men here, but only one of them is armed.'

"As he spoke these words, a great shell struck the top of the hillock and blew the earth and little stones in every direction. Without a word, the whole party retired rapidly to an open space behind a large, overhanging rock. The General was very much disturbed. The enemy must be

getting nearer. He almost forgot Almia.

"Look here," he cried, to the brown-haired soldier, "creep back to the top of the hillock and tell me how the battle goes." With furrowed brows he waited, while Almia fed his horse. The brown-haired soldier came quickly back. "Tell me," cried the General, without waiting for the other to speak, "has my cavalry made its grand charge and cut off the approach of the left wing of the enemy?" "No, sir," replied the soldier, touching his cap, "it did not charge in time, and it is now all mixed up with the artillery, which is rapidly retiring."

"What!" cried the General, "retiring?" "Yes, sir," said the soldier, "I am sorry to say that our whole army is retreating pell-mell as fast as it can go. The enemy is in active pursuit, and its left wing is now advancing up this side of the valley. In less than twenty minutes the retreat of our cavalry and artillery will be cut off by the hills, and the infantry is already scattering itself far and wide."

"I must go!" shouted the General, drawing his sword from its scabbard, "I must rally my forces! I must——" "No, General," said the brown-haired soldier, "that is impossible. If you were now to attempt to approach our army, you would throw yourself into the ranks of the enemy."

"The Commander-in-Chief dropped the bridle from his listless hands, and bowed his head. 'Lost!' he murmured, 'lost! And this was the decisive battle of the war. If I had been able to order my cavalry to charge, the enemy's left wing would have been cut off from their main body—and but for you," he continued, fixing his eyes upon Almia, with a look of unutterable sadness, "I should have done it. You have caused me to lose this battle."

"Almia drew herself up, her heart swelling with emotion. This was the proudest moment of her life, prouder by far than she had ever expected any moment of her existence to be. "Yes," she said, "that is what I did. And if this was the decisive battle of the war, then will follow peace; blood will cease to flow; widows and orphans will cease to suffer; and men who have been fighting each other like tigers

without really understanding why they sought each other's lives, will meet again as friends."

"There is a great deal of sense in what you say," exclaimed the Exceptional Pedestrian. "I admit I am a soldier, but I do not approve of war. The statistics of social aspects prove——" He was interrupted by the brown-haired soldier, who remarked, "It would be well for us to retire, for doubtless the enemy will soon occupy the ridge." The General took no notice. Apparently he was lost in thought. "Excuse me, sir," said the brown-haired man, "but you must seek a place of safety."

"The General raised his head. 'Is there a road to the west?' he asked. 'I must take a roundabout way and join my army and share its fortunes, whatever they may be.' 'Yes, sir," said the Exceptional Pedestrian; "if you skirt these woods and follow the upward trend of the limestone and quartz beds, and then keep along the crest of the mountain for about eight miles, you will come to the village of Kirksville, where our retreating army will no doubt halt for the night." The General said no more; he turned his horse, whose bridle Almia had now released; and, casting another look of sadness upon the erect form of the bushwhacker nurse, he sped away.

"I will not say anything more of the General, except that after following for half an hour the directions given to him by the Exceptional Pedestrian, he rode at full speed into the ranks of the enemy, and was obliged to surrender. No evil happened to him, however, for the war was soon ended, and he was released.

"Now," said the Exceptional Pedestrian, who was in no way a traitor, but only a person accustomed to making mistakes, "the day is drawing to a close, and we must hurry away." No one objected, and the three soldiers accompanied Almia back over the way she had taken when she walked to the battle-field. A little after eight o'clock they arrived at the main road, and there Almia found her cab waiting for her. "I shall probably not see you again," said the Exceptional Pedestrian, shaking her very cordially by the hand, "for as the war is now practically over and my regiment probably scattered, I shall go West. There

are many features of our social aspects out there which I wish to study. But before I leave you, miss, I will thank you for having made yourself so highly instrumental in bringing this terrible and inhuman war to a close.' 'Good-by,' said Almia; 'but I think it may be said that it was an Albert biscuit which gave us peace. If that horse had not been used to being fed by girls, my efforts might have come to nothing.'

"When the two younger soldiers bade good-by to Almia they did not say much, but it seemed to her they felt a good deal. At any rate, she knew she felt a good deal. She had known them but a little while, but they had come into her life in such a strange way—for a time she had ruled their destinies—and they had been so good to her! They had stood by her regardless of everything but her wishes—and then, they were both so handsome, such gallant soldiers. She took their hands; she gazed into their honest faces; a few words of farewell were spoken: and then they helped her into the cab; the door was shut; and she was driven away.

"As she turned and looked out of the little window in the back of the cab, she saw one of them gazing after her, but the dusk of the evening had come on so rapidly she could not be certain which one of them it was. At a turn in the road she sank into her seat. She was tired, she was faint, and instinctively thrusting her hand into her pocket she found there one Albert biscuit which had been left. She drew it out, but when she looked at it, it seemed to her as though it would be a sacrilege to eat it. Its companions had done so much for humanity. But she did eat it, and felt stronger.

"For the rest of the drive she sat and wondered which it was who had looked back, the brown-haired soldier or the black-haired one. Then she tried to think which she would like it to be, but she could not make up her mind.

"Before parting with the soldiers Almia had exchanged cards with them, and they had assured her they would let her know how fortune should treat them. Day after day she watched and waited for the letter-carrier, but a fortnight passed and he brought her nothing.

"At last a letter came. It was from one of the soldiers; she knew that by the address and its general appearance, but, of course, she did not know the handwriting. She held it in her hand and gazed upon it, and her heart beat fast as she asked herself the question: 'Which one has written first?'

"Presently she opened it. It was from the brown-haired soldier. Her face flushed and her heart said to her, 'This is right, this is what you hoped for.' Then she read the letter, which was long. It told of many things, and among others it informed Almia how grateful were the writer's wife and two little girls for the kindness she had shown the husband and father. She had dressed his wounds, she had saved him from being made prisoner; for the rest of their lives they would never forget her.

"The letter dropped from Almia's hand; she had received a shock, and for a time she could not recover from it. She sat still, looking out into the nothingness of the distant sky. Then her face flushed again and her heart told her it had made a mistake. She was well pleased that this was the one who had written he was married.

"Hour after hour and day after day Almia became more and more convinced that she was right. It was the black-haired soldier on whom her thoughts were constantly fixed. And no wonder. In the first place, he was the better soldier of the two. She hated war, but if men must fight it is glorious to conquer, and she had seen his quick and practised blade lay low his enemy. The thought of his power made her heart swell. Moreover, he had stood by her in the moment of greatest peril: he it was who had said to the Commander-in-Chief, armed and mounted though he was, that he would attack him if her commands were not obeyed. Then, too, he was a little taller than the other and handsomer, his chest was broad, he stood erect.

"Day after day she watched and waited, but no letter came. At last, however, there was a ring at the bell, and the black-haired soldier was announced. By a supreme effort Almia controlled herself; she bade her heart be still and she went down to meet him. She was dressed in

white, there were flowers in her hair and in her belt. She could not help wondering what he would think of the difference between her and the girl he had known as a bushwhacker nurse.

"When her eyes fell upon him and their hands met, she was the one who had the right to be the more amazed; she had thought him handsome before, he was glorious now. Arrayed in fashionable, well-fitting clothes, wearing only a mustache, and with his hair properly cut, he was a vision of manly beauty. Instantly, without any volition on her part, her heart went out to him; she knew that it belonged to him.

"For twenty minutes, perhaps a little longer, Almia sat with the man she loved, and as she listened to him, saying but little herself, colder and colder grew the heart she had given him. Soon it was she discovered that he looked upon her as a young lady in whom he took an interest on account of the adventures they had had together, but still as a chance acquaintance. He had come to see her because he had happened to be in the town in which she lived. When he went away she did not ask him to come again, and it was plain that he did not expect such an invitation. The few remarks he made about his future plans precluded the supposition that they might meet again. He was pleasant, he was polite, he was even kind, but when he departed he left her with a heart of stone. There was now nothing in the world for which she cared to live. She despised herself for such a feeling, but existence was a blank. She had loved; perhaps, unwittingly, she had shown her love; and now by day and by night she moaned and mourned that the bushwhacker nurse had ever met the two brave soldiers with their glittering swords; that she had not passed them by and gone out into the battle-field to be laid low by some chance bullet."

For some little time the Daughter of the House had been speaking in a voice which grew lower and lower, and now she stopped. There were tears in her eyes, brought there by the story she herself was telling. John Gayther dropped his peastick, and leaned forward.

"Now, miss," said he, "I really think your story is not quite right. You must have forgotten something—a good many

things. Think it over, and I am sure you will agree with me that that is not the true ending."

She looked at him in surprise.

"I mean this," continued the gardener. "If you will put your mind to it and seriously consider the whole situation, I believe you will see just as well as I do that it really turned out very differently from the way you have just told it. That black-haired soldier did not go away in twenty minutes. It must have been somebody else, at some other time, who went away so soon. It would have been simply impossible for him to do it. The longer he sat and looked at Miss Almia, the more he gazed into her beautiful eyes, the more fervently he must have thought that if it depended upon him he would never leave her—never, never again. And she, as she gazed into his handsome features, thrilling with the emotion he could not hide, must have known what was passing in his heart; it did not even need the words he soon spoke to make her understand she was the one thing in the world he loved; and that, in spite of sickness and obstacles of all sorts, he had come that day to tell her so. And when they had been together for hours, and at last he was obliged to go, and they stood by each other, his impassioned eyes looking down into her orbs of heavenly blue, you know what must have happened, miss, now, don't you really? And isn't this the true, true end of the story?"

"The eyes of the Daughter of the House were sparkling; a little flush had come upon her cheeks, and a smile upon her lips.

"I do really believe that is the true ending, John," said she; "but how did you ever come to know so much about such things?"

"I can't tell you that, miss," said the gardener, "but sometimes I perceive things I cannot see, as when I look upon a flower-bud not yet open and know exactly what is inside of it."

With the smile still on her lips, and the flush still on her cheeks, the Daughter of the House walked away through the garden; she had determined to make her story end sadly, but John Gayther had known her heart better than she had known it herself.



BY JOHN BRISSEN WALKER.

THE conquest of Syria was now nearly complete. Already the trimmers, who were on the lookout for their own advantage, had decided that it was only a question of time before the sway of Heraclius should be entirely withdrawn from Syria, and even from the Mediterranean coast of Africa. The trimmers in all countries and at all times constitute a large and influential body, and we may thus explain, in a measure, the ease with which some of the later conquests were made; but only in a measure. Strategy and valor still continued to play their part.

Youkenna's aptitude for schemes was by no means exhausted with the capture of Aazaz. The splendid fight he had made in defending the walls of Aleppo against the Moslems, gave him a point of vantage from which he could readily play upon the credulity of his oldtime allies. Communication between cities was slow, and a vast confusion, caused by the bustle and hurry of war, everywhere prevailed.

Marching off to Antioch with a body of picked men, Youkenna presented himself to the Emperor as a victim of misfortune who was only too glad to rejoin his oldtime friends. Heraclius had no longer the vigorous mind which had carried the Christian army so intrepidly into Persia. Diseased in body, weakened in will, infirm

of purpose, he accepted the professions of Youkenna's loyalty—though perhaps not unreservedly, because he presently, as a trial, gave him charge of an escort to his daughter on an expedition, but as this test resulted to the satisfaction of the Emperor, on Youkenna's return to the capital of Syria he was given a larger command.

The Christian and Moslem forces were presently lined up for battle. From causes not readily understandable now, the decisive action was delayed; and after a time Heraclius, coming to the conclusion that his cause was hopeless, took his departure in the night, and hastily embarked for Constantinople. His generals, more determined than he, gave battle to Abu Obeidah. But Youkenna coming down on their rear, the conflict was quickly decided in favor of the Moslems, and the gates of Antioch were thrown open to the victors.

Youkenna again trusted to the slowness of communication, and believed that he might once more play his trick of pretending to be a defeated Christian. Hurrying off from Antioch to Tripoli, a seaport on the Syrian coast, he once more found admission under the belief that he belonged to the allies of the Emperor. Fortune seems to have been ever with him; for immediately after he had taken possession of the city, a fleet of fifty vessels sailed un-

suspectingly into the harbor with arms and supplies for Cæsarea, where the Crown-Prince was preparing to make a last stand. Youkenna seized them, put his nine hundred men on board and hoisted sail for Tyre, farther down the coast.

With the Christian flag at his masthead, he sailed into the inner harbor of Tyre, and would have been welcomed as a reinforcement, had it not been for one of his own men, who, instigated doubtless by some punishment that he had received, betrayed the plot. Suddenly and unexpectedly Youkenna found himself covered by the arms of the garrison and marched off to the prisons under the citadel. Before this, however, thinking his plan sure of success, he had sent off a message to Abu Sofian, which had started that warrior with a force of two thousand men to his assistance.

As Abu Sofian came up, the garrison of Tyre, vastly superior in numbers, sallied forth to meet him, leaving Youkenna and his men securely in irons. But they counted without the craft of that most cunning of warriors. No sooner were they without the gates than Youkenna, by the promise of an immense bribe to the officer in charge and the assurance that the power of the Emperor was already disintegrating in Syria, succeeded in securing his release. Arming his men, he rushed from the gates, came down on the rear of the Christian army and secured a complete victory.

The news of this coming to Prince Constantine, and other reports arriving from Constantinople to the effect that his personal interests were being jeopardized at the capital, the Prince imitated his father and hurried off in the night for the Bosphorus.

Such other towns as had held out now quickly surrendered, and the power of Heraclius was gone throughout the entire length of Syria.

But a new enemy was now to appear in the field. The slaughter, disturbances, privations, crowding of fugitives, anxiety of mind and general misery brought about the usual result. A pestilence broke out which not only swept the inhabitants of the crowded cities, but took off more than thirty thousand of the Moslem army, including many of its most distinguished

generals. The year is known to this day as "the Year of Death." Abu Obeidah himself was one of its victims. We may imagine the gentle-mannered, self-sacrificing, brave old man going among his sick and so contracting the disease. Among other distinguished men who died of the plague were Abu Sofian and Serjabil.

And here also another hero disappears, not by death-wound on the field, but by a broken heart. Reading of the endless conflicts in which Khaled, Abu Obeidah, Abu Sofian and Serjabil had risked their lives ten thousand times, it seems strange that chance should have reserved for them a death by plague and mental suffering rather than in the front of battle, where they had so often courted it. Khaled, "the Sword of God," the victor of half a thousand fights, was still the victim of displeasure, notwithstanding his generous acceptance of the inferior positions which Omar had assigned him. After Syria had been conquered, an Arabian poet had written an epic in which the exploits of Khaled had, as they deserved to do, played no mean part. In an outburst of generosity, Khaled had bestowed upon the poet his entire fortune of thirty thousand pieces of silver. From this action, meaner souls argued that he must have grasped during his campaigns an immense fortune; and the matter being reported to Omar, the latter, in a way most discreditable to his nobler side, was induced to believe the reports of Khaled's enemies. Khaled was brought before the army and degraded, even, some historians tell us, to the extent of being bound.

The intrepid man who had faced every sort of danger was unequal to this blow of fortune. His body, scarred by innumerable wounds, had been weakened by these and the hardships of his campaigns, and was no longer equal to supporting his mind equably under such inconceivable misfortunes. The man who had risked death in every form, by the irony of fate was destined to die of mental suffering caused by injustices heaped upon him by those for whom he had so faithfully fought. After his demise it was discovered that he possessed no riches. The man who had been in largest measure the means of conquering hundreds of millions for his country, left

no fortune behind him other than his horse, his sword and his lance.

Two great campaigns were now planned: the one against the Persian power, which covered so large a portion of Asia, and the other against the Christian power in Africa.

Antioch lies on the eastern end of the Mediterranean at its most northerly point. It would be the natural base of an army marching by land toward Constantinople. The Caliph and his counselors determined that it would be unwise to move farther in

with orders that if his army had not yet crossed the Egyptian line, he should immediately return. If, on the contrary, when the courier delivered his message, he should be in Egypt, he was to advance with the blessing of Allah.

A hint of this must have come to Amru, for upon one pretext or another his outposts managed to detain the courier until the forces had crossed the frontier. Then, while encamped at a little Egyptian village, he had the messenger brought up to deliver



Drawn by Eric Pape.

A GREEK MESSENGER.

this direction without having obtained possession of Egypt and without paralyzing the power of their Persian enemies.

Amru had been appointed to the command of the African expedition, and when the last remnants of the plague had finally disappeared, he took up his march. After he had set out, Omar was seized with doubt as to the wisdom of undertaking such an expedition with the small force of five thousand men which Amru had under his command. He sent after him a courier

his letter. When Amru had finished reading it, he innocently inquired of his staff the name of the village. "Arish in Egypt," was the reply. "Then it only remains for us to proceed with the blessing of Allah and fulfil the commands of the Caliph."

Moving down the coast of the Mediterranean and crossing the isthmus between that and the Red sea, the Moslem forces arrived before Pelusium, which was situated on the northeast corner of the delta of the

Nile. This city had been regarded as the key of the isthmus, and had been built as a bulwark against the incursions from Asia. But it was soon captured, and the Moslem forces were able to move along the bank of the eastern arm of the delta to Memphis. In other pages of this magazine will be found an article, "By Trolley to the Sphinx." It seems impossible to believe that these are the same Pyramids and the same Sphinx under the shadow of which Amru marched his army thirteen hundred years ago, and that if a photograph of that period had been possible and had come down to us, it would show much the same scenes as those given here with the modern accessory of the trolley. Here in later days was to come Napoleon, and upon this battle-ground on which maneuvered the forces of Amru was to be fought the Battle of the Pyramids.

Seven months were consumed in the siege of Memphis. Without the machinery to batter down walls, the Arabs were compelled largely to resort to cutting off the supplies of the besieged. Months dragged along without important advantage to either party. The final result was to be brought about not so much by arms as by the religious differences which existed among the Christians of Egypt. The sect of Jacobites had spread all over northern Africa, but it was held in contempt by the Orthodox bishops of Constantinople. Its four hundred monasteries had been subjected to persecution, and a bitter hatred had arisen in consequence.

At heart a Jacobite, the Mukowkis, or Governor, of Memphis had concealed his religious convictions at the instigation of ambition; but now that the conditions were critical, he had not hesitated to revenge himself upon those who had oppressed his countrymen. This condition of mind, joined to a desire to secure immunity for his fortune, brought about private negotiations with Amru, who granted to him the retention of the immense treasures which he had accumulated as governor. The troops within the city were strategically arranged so as to make the capture of the walls easy. And so by betrayal Memphis finally fell, and the road to Alexandria, the capital of Egypt, and the metropolis of the south shore of the

Mediterranean, was at last open to the Arabs.

But the severest part of Amru's task remained to be accomplished. The walls of Alexandria baffled every attempt to gain possession of them. Its two great harbors gave access to reinforcements and supplies by ship from Constantinople. The besieged were by no means content to remain supinely within their walls. They made constant sallies upon the besiegers, inflicting great loss and compelling constant alertness.

At one time Amru, at the head of a picked body of men, succeeded in capturing one of the towers of the city. But the Christians concentrated many battalions upon it and regained possession, taking the Moslem commander prisoner.

Unfortunately for the Christians, the rank of the captives was not known to them. Brought before the Governor and questioned, Amru replied with a boldness that gave some idea of his quality, and he would have been beheaded had not the slave Werdan, taking quick cognizance of the peril, stepped forward and struck Amru upon the cheek, reproaching him for presuming to speak in the presence of Moselma, his superior officer. Moselma recognized the danger and came to the front. He explained that the commander of the Arabian forces was at that moment hesitating as to breaking camp before Alexandria and departing for Syria, and that if the party were permitted to return and describe the strength of the fortifications, and the great number of troops they had found within the city, Amru would probably be so impressed as immediately to begin his retreat.

Lying was a part of the art of war of those days, as it continues to be in modern times, if one is to judge by the character of bulletins from the field. There was never in those days any hesitation to accomplish by fraud what could not be brought about by force of arms. It is scarcely proper, however, that criticism should be made of this. It is perfectly natural that brutality, force and fraud should march arm in arm down the ages. In the International Court of Arbitration truth will stand forth above all other forces.

The rejoicings which were apparent in



From a Map Printed in England in 1694.

the Moslem camp upon the return of Amru quickly told the Alexandrians of their stupidity, and Amru took care not to give them another chance.

Although he had gone into Egypt with but five thousand men, large reinforcements had been sent forward after the capture of Pelusium, and later on, from time to time, the army in front of Alexandria had been reinforced. Before the city finally fell, twenty-five thousand Moslems had been killed. It at last became evident, however, that the city must fall. A Christian fleet had remained in the harbor, and now took off a considerable portion of the garrison, while the larger part, under cover of the night, succeeded in making its escape to the westward. With the break of day, the retreat was discovered, and Amru hastened in pursuit, foolishly leaving but a small force to guard the walls, and taking it for granted that the Christian fleet had sailed for Constantinople. But the departure of the Greek ships was a ruse. After sailing out to sea, they quietly returned, and finding the army of Amru marching along the coast, laid their ships alongside the walls and captured them by assault, putting the small garrison to the sword.

Chagrined at the result of his own carelessness, Amru now returned, and a second time was compelled to make a siege. But the Christian garrison proved insufficient to make a vigorous defense. Concentrating upon a single point, the assailants speedily scaled the walls, and such of the garrison as failed to escape to the ships met the fate which had been meted out to their Moslem predecessors.

Founded by Alexander the Great, 332 B.C., on the level space, about four miles in length by one mile in width, between Lake Mareotis and the sea, Alexandria, when Amru came under its walls in A.D. 638, had few rivals. Not only in wealth and luxury, but in learning as well, it stood among the foremost cities of the world. The emporium of the trade between Europe, Arabia and India, it had been adorned by the Ptolemys with palaces for the enrichment of which every part of the world had been ransacked. Four thousand palaces, five thousand baths and four hundred theaters were among its

objects of interest at the time of its capture. Its university had become the most important center of learning, and its library the largest and most valuable, in the world.

The new ruler of Egypt was a man worthy of the task. He possessed at once a brilliant imagination, and those practical and wise qualities which were the constituents of the character of the French conqueror who, twelve centuries later, was to make his first landing on the waterside of Alexandria. A poet in youth, Amru had been an inquirer all his life. The alarms of the camp had not prevented him from being a student. As he entered Egypt, his mind was filled with plans for the betterment of the great nation which he imagined himself called to govern. Among the most important of these is the canal which is now organized against the inroads of the desert sand with the aid of modern engineering and modern dredges. He immediately recognized the importance of giving to the great commerce of the Mediterranean access by water to the Indies; and, although he was at first baffled in this design by the failure of Omar to understand its significance, he was subsequently enabled to carry it into execution. A great famine, which came upon the whole of Syria, made easy and quick access by water for the produce of Egypt a necessity, and proved an argument too strong to be resisted by even the most conservative mind. Just in his conceptions, wise in his methods, broad in his ideals, Amru found Egypt a field suitable to his great talents, and his administration brought prosperity. The impress of some of his ideas remains even to the present day.

At intervals he devoted himself to the learning which had been centered at Alexandria. It is told by Washington Irving that John Philoponus, the most noted scholar of the city, became his intimate friend, but to this friendship is ascribed in the fiction of history one of the greatest calamities of the world. The story is as follows: Upon the capture of Alexandria, Amru had caused to be prepared and forwarded to the Caliph a list of its treasures. The scholar, seeing that the Moslems had not laid sufficient stress upon the library to even include it in their in-



Drawn by Eric Pape.

A PRISONER BEFORE HERACLIUS.



Drawn by Eric Pape.

"AMRU HAD BEEN APPOINTED TO THE COMMAND OF THE AFRICAN EXPEDITION."

ventory, hoped to secure it for his collection. Amru, when his attention was called to the matter, felt obliged to refer the question to the Caliph, and the latter, so the story goes, with the dogmatism which had grown upon him with years of power, replied sententiously: "The contents of these books are in accord with the Koran or they are not. If so, the Koran is sufficient without them; if not, they are pernicious. Let them, therefore, be destroyed."

To make the story consistent, the narrator added the detail, in a manner that would have done credit to a *Katasha*, that the vast collection of parchments furnished fuel for the five thousand baths of the city sufficient to last them for six months.

There is no better illustration of the nothingness of what we call history than this story of the burning of the Alexandrian library. We have had it repeated, in every text-book, in every educational institution. It is one of the so-called facts of history which stand out preëminent by their dramatic qualities, and through the startling magnitude of the loss involved, every school-boy, every newspaper writer and every scholar refers to it familiarly. Yet a careful study of authorities leaves the student under the strong impression that no such event ever occurred—that the whole story is the figment of a single imagination.

The records are substantially as follows: The story was never heard of in letters, so far as is known to this day, until Abu-el-Faraj translated his "Chronicle" into Arabic. The same author had previously written his work in Syriac without making any mention of the burning of the Alexandrian library, and only in its later translation is the story told.

De Lacy in his "Relations de l'Égypte," published in Paris in 1810, quotes in support of the story the Arabian historian Abdallatif, who lived in Bagdad in 1162; Ebn Khaldoun, who lived in 1332, and Makrizi, who lived in Cairo in 1360; Hadji-Kebalfa, the distinguished Turkish historian of the latter half of the seventeenth century; also Louis Langlès, the French Orientalist, born in 1746, and Joseph White, an English Orientalist,

born in 1746, both of whom were of his own time.

All the English, French, German and Spanish encyclopedias, without exception, turn to Abu-el-Faraj as the authority for this story, and so, in fact, do all modern writers. It will be observed that all of these authorities are of a date subsequent to the account of Abu-el-Faraj.

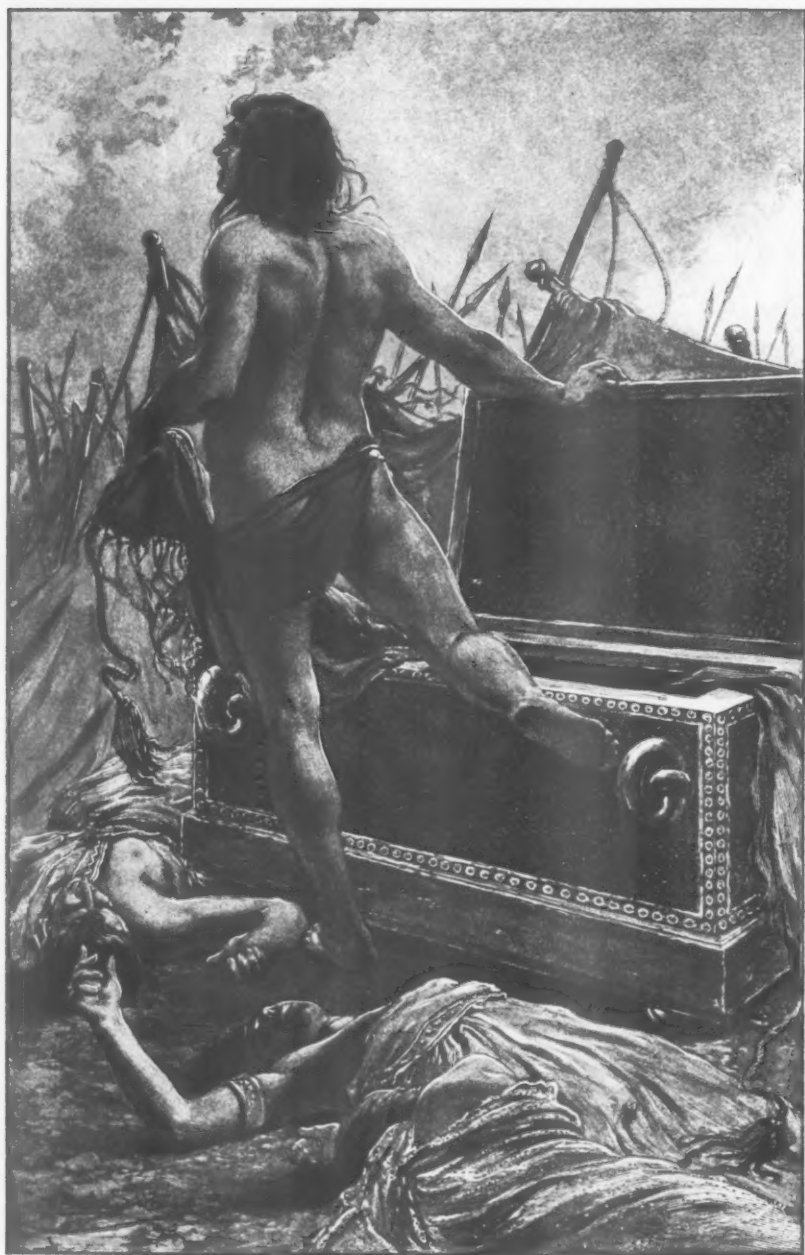
Karl Reinhard in his "Schicksal der Alexandrinischen Bibliothek" (Fate of the Alexandrian Library), published at Göttingen in 1792, claims that John Philoponus, which is the same with John the Grammarian, was not alive in 640, but was a famous teacher under Theodora Augusta, who died in 548, nearly a hundred years prior to the arrival of Amru in Egypt.

Reinhard, and another writer, St. Croix, in the "Magasin Encyclopédique," published in Paris in 1799, both comment on the remarkable gap of six hundred years between the time of Amru and the first appearance of this tale.

Gibbon says: "Since the Dynasties of Abulpharagius have been given to the world in a Latin version, the tale has been repeatedly transcribed; and every scholar, with pious indignation, has deplored the irreparable shipwreck of the learning, the arts, and the genius, of antiquity. For my own part, I am strongly tempted to deny both the fact and the consequences. The fact is indeed marvelous. 'Read and wonder!' says the historian himself: and the solitary report of a stranger who wrote at the end of six hundred years on the confines of Media, is overbalanced by the silence of two annalists of a more early date, both Christians, both natives of Egypt, and the most ancient of whom, the patriarch Eutychius, has amply described the conquest of Alexandria."

It would seem that in the bitterness in which every action of the Moslems was written of, the Christian historians were a little too ready to jump at this act of barbarism, and that it has been passed down almost without question. If a properly equipped student shall take the investigation thoroughly in hand, it seems more than probable that he will find the statement almost entirely without foundation.

(To be continued.)



Drawn by Eric Page.

AFTER THE FALL OF ALEXANDRIA.

AUGUSTIN DALY AND HIS LIFE-WORK.

BY GUSTAV KORRE.

DID any one ever see Augustin Daly with his hat off? It seemed his constant companion, whether indoors or out—and he spent most of his waking hours indoors in the labyrinths of his own theater. What a hat it was! Surely there was none other like it. In size and shape it was a compromise between the conventional high silk hat and the derby, and the material was soft felt. Daly and the hat were inseparable.

The method of seeing Daly was in itself an illustration of how completely he had reduced his work to a system. At a quarter before eight every night he and his hat appeared in some mysterious way from the labyrinthian recesses of "behind the scenes" and walked to a lounge in a corner of the foyer. This corner was roped off with a heavy tasseled cord. Hither the visitor in search of information was led. While conversing, Daly kept an eye on the incoming audience. It was quite necessary to find out all you wanted to

know between a quarter to eight and a few minutes before the curtain went up. He was invariably behind the scenes again in time to witness the ceremony. I may add that during all this time the famous hat remained perched on Daly's head, and

I verily believe he had the foyer made so spacious and selected his special secluded corner so that he might keep the hat on without being too generally observed.

Few people other than employees of the house ever penetrated to the stage at Daly's. The entrance was on Twenty-ninth street, and the flight of stairs which led up to the stage was guarded from top to bottom with a heavy iron grating. At the foot of the stairs was an iron gate,

in front of which sat an ever-watchful doorkeeper, a large man named Owen, uniformed, and carrying a dangerous-looking official baton. He and the intermediary attendants were immensely surprised one night during a performance of "The Great



Photograph by Sarony.

AUGUSTIN DALY.



CLARA MORRIS.



JOHN DREW.



MRS. GILBERT.



JAMES LEWIS.

Ruby" to have a message come down from "the Governor," in response to my card, that I was to be ushered up.

The stage at Daly's is very deep. An act was in progress on the forward half of the stage. Behind the drop a portion of the next scene was already set. Artificial grass-plats were laid on the floor. On a park bench on one of these grass-plats sat Mr. Daly. Of course he had his hat on, and looked all the world as if he were sitting out of doors. The effect was decidedly amusing. While we were talking we could hear the actors' voices in front of the drop, and several members of the company—Miss Rehan, Mr. Richman, Miss Van Dresser, Miss Cargill and Miss Roebuck—swished by on their hurried way to the dressing-rooms. Off at one side I saw a number of stalls where Daly kept the horses used in the performance, and also a couple of equine understudies—a regular stable behind the scenes, with a groom added to the theater's forces. In the midst of all the seeming confusion and hurry the manager sat calm and imperturbable, keeping the closest watch on every employee and every actor. No detail escaped him.

There was certainly nothing in the birthplace and early surroundings of Au-



FANNY DAVENPORT.



MME JANUSCHKE.



SARA JEWETT.



JOSEPH HOLLAND.



KATE CLAXTON.



STUART ROBSON.



MRS. JOHN WOOD.



MAURICE BARRYMORE.

By Savory.

MR. DALY READING A PLAY TO THE MEMBERS OF HIS COMPANY.



gustin Daly to awaken any latent artistic faculties, or to turn them in the direction of the theater. He was born in Plymouth, North Carolina, in 1838, but while still a boy removed with his family to Norfolk, Virginia. Without apparently having any incentive except a remarkably strong inborn love of the theater, he consumed all the little yellow-covered play-books he could lay hands on. Finally, the spirit of divine art impelled him to transform into a theater a smokehouse which had fallen into disuse, and here he produced plays in which his brother, now ex-Judge Joseph F. Daly, took the principal roles. Whether or not Daly ever felt the desire to act, is not known.

His father died in 1854, and the family then moved to New York. He became a clerk in a mercantile firm, but his leisure hours were spent in writing plays. Among these early efforts was one on Napoleon III. The subject certainly had that "contemporaneous human interest" which was a hobby with him. "Contemporaneous human interest" was one of the phrases which he used in his first announcements when he became a New York manager, and it was caught up and made a current phrase in theatricals. to that journal a series of clever weekly



Photograph by Sarony.

MISS ADA REHAN AS KATHERINE.

produced it.

His early years in New York, if not successful from the playwright's point of view, afforded him ample opportunity, of which we may be sure he made full use, to see good plays and good acting. Among the theaters were the first Wallack's, at Broadway and Broome street; Burton's, Laura Keene's and Niblo's, to say nothing of Barnum's Museum at Ann street, which had a "lecture-room," a term employed to soothe the scruples of the religiously inclined. The actors then in New York included the elder and younger Wallack, Jefferson, the elder Sothorn, Burton, John Brougham, Charles Mathews, Henry Placide, now almost forgotten but remembered with delight by old playgoers; Boucicault, Laura Keene, Matilda Heron and Mrs. Hoey.

As Daly did not succeed at that time in writing for the stage, he began writing about it. In 1859 he became dramatic critic for the "Sunday Courier," and until about 1868, though he had become a noted playwright meanwhile, and had done some successful managing, he contributed

Photograph by Byron.

SCENE FROM "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE"





AGNES ETHEL.



J. B. POLE.



GEORGIE DREW BARRYMORE.



KITTY CHEATHAM

feuilletons, which he signed "Le Pèlerin." In fact, his criticisms were considerably in demand, and he was at one time contributing to no fewer than five papers. His first success on the stage was made in December, 1862, at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, with "Leah the Forsaken," a free adaptation of Mosenthal's "Deborah," which was produced with Kate Bateman in the title-role. The adaptation, which is still the standard English version of the play, was seen early in 1863 at the Winter Garden Theater, New York. It established Miss Bateman as a star, and naturally made a name for Daly. Among his other early works for the stage was a dramatization of Charles Reade's "Griffith Gaunt," a tour de force written in five days.

The first original drama by Augustin Daly was entitled "Under the Gaslight," and was produced with immense success in 1866. It was a "thriller," its chief stage effect being the passing of a train and the rescue of a woman who had been bound and laid upon the track by the melodramatic villain of the play. Boucicault afterward produced a drama called "After Dark" in which this mechanical device was used, but Daly legally enforced his rights to the invention.

In 1869, Daly took over the pretty little



GEORGE CLARKE.



CHARLES FISHER.



MRS. ANNIE YEAMANS.



CHARLES COGHAN.



W. J. LE MOYNE.



EMMA HOWSON



FANNY MORANT.



E. L. DAVENPORT.

Photograph by Bryan.

SCENE FROM "THE CIRCUS GIRL."





MAY IRWIN.



DOROTHY MORTON.



EDITH KINGDON.



EDITH CRANE.

Fifth Avenue Theater on the site now occupied by the Madison Square Theater.

It had formerly been the site of the uptown Gold Room, but the gold had fled thence after the theater was built, and Daly got it on easy terms, his predecessors having failed to make the theater pay. He had meanwhile married a daughter of J. C. Duff. Mr. Duff backed him financially and thereafter was somewhat a conspicuous figure in most of his theatrical enterprises.

Daly's new venture was widely advertised and the expectations created by his announcements were fully realized. Twenty-three plays were given at the little theater during the first season, and this in spite of the fact



Photograph by Sarony.

ADA REHAN AS LADY TEAZEL.

"Frou Frou," ran a hundred nights. In the splendid company he had gathered

together were Agnes Ethel, Fanny Davenport, Mrs. Gilbert, E. L. Davenport, George Clarke, James Lewis, J. B. Polk, George Holland and William Davidge. Others who joined the company before the theater was destroyed by fire after the New Year's matinee in 1873, were Kate Claxton, Clara Morris, Sarah Jewett and W. J. Le Moyne. Bronson Howard's "Saratoga" and Daly's "Divorce," both of which had long runs, were among the productions at the house.

After occupying temporarily the old New York Theater (on the site of the present Broadway Athletic



OTIS SKINNER.



WILLIAM DAVIDGE.

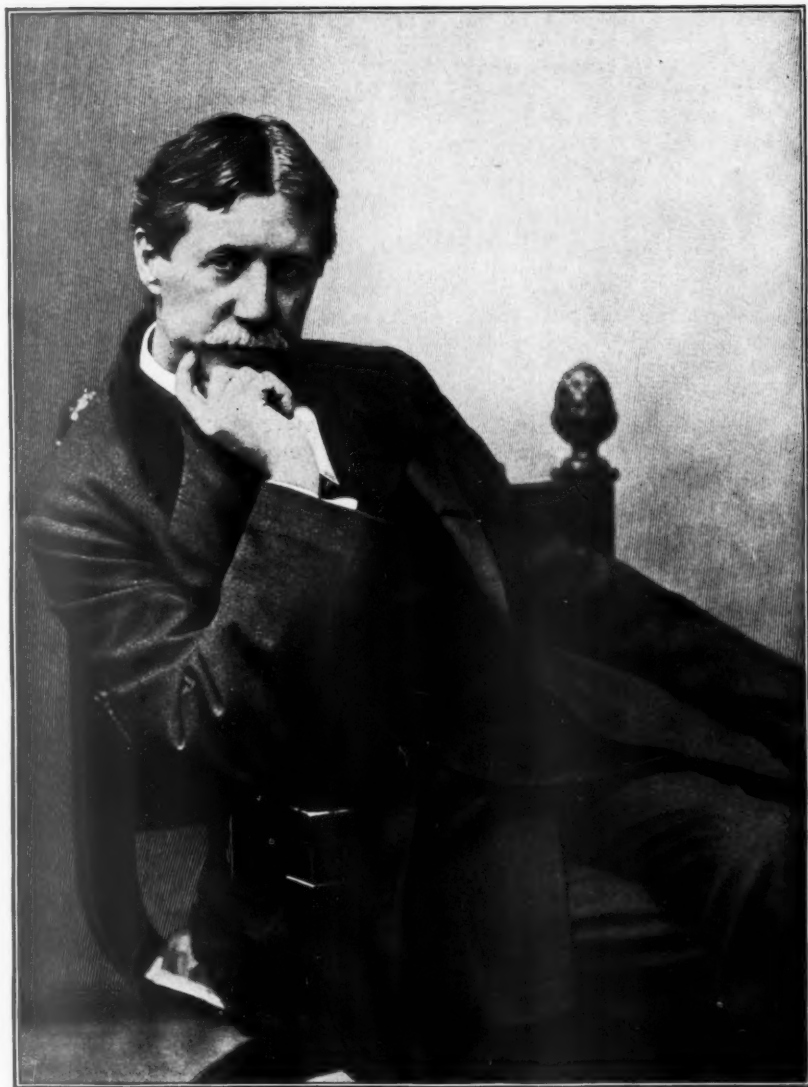


CHARLES LECLERCQ.



J. W. JENNINGS.

that one of them, Club). Daly opened the new Fifth Avenue



Copyright, 1898, by Atiné Dupont.

THE LAST PORTRAIT OF AUGUSTIN DALY.

Theater at Twenty-eighth street, and remained there until 1877, when he was obliged to retire owing to ill success. In 1879, however, he was able to open Daly's Theater at Broadway and Thirtieth street. Next to Daly, the person around whose name the chief glories of that house are clustered

is Miss Ada Rehan, whose exquisite art was there developed to perfection under her manager's guidance. In fact, Daly's Theater was a school from which many actors graduated to become stars. Miss Fanny Davenport was able to leave Daly and to begin starring while he was still at the Twenty-



ISABEL IRVING.



GEORGE LESCOIR.



MAXINE ELLIOTT.



LOUIS JAMES.

eighth-street house. John Drew, Miss May Irwin and Miss Maxine Elliott are indebted to his training for much of their success as stars. Among other well-known members of his company were Miss Edith Kingdon, now Mrs. George J. Gould; Miss Isabel Irving, now John Drew's leading lady; and Frank Worthing, the leading man of last season's "Catherine" company. A pretty story is told of how Daly discovered Miss Ada Rehan's talents. If true, it well illustrates his managerial acumen. Miss Rehan had a sister who had shown some talent for acting and who desired to secure an engagement at Daly's. Miss Rehan accompanied her to the manager's office and said a few words in her behalf. Daly at once recognized that of the two sisters it was Miss Rehan who had the true histrionic genius and the call resulted in her engagement, and her association with a stage of which she has been the most brilliant ornament. She had a role in the first play which was produced at Daly's Theater—"Love's Young Dream." Her greatest achievement has probably been Katherine in "The Taming of the Shrew." Her Rosalind, and her Portia in "The Merchant of Venice," have also been admirable examples of Shakespearean comedy, and in nearly all genuine comedy roles.



ADA DYAS.



HERBERT GRESHAM.

ADELE RITCHIE.
Copyright, 1898, by Aimé Dupont.

HARRY LACEY.



VIRGINIA EARL.



HENRY DIXEY.



LAURA JOYCE.



FREDERICK BOND.

Photograph by Iyren.

SCENE FROM "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE."





HIJOU FERNANDEZ.



VIRGINIA DREHER.



OWEN FAWCETT.



CYRIL SCOTT.



FAY TEMPLETON.



RICHARD DORNEY,
*Business Manager of Daly's
Theater.*

whether old English or modern, she is almost without a peer.

One of the first alterations made by Daly was so to break up the ascent to the second floor that people going into the theater did not realize that Daly's was a second-story auditorium. By this means he also secured an immense foyer, which he turned into a gallery of stage portraits and a pleasant lounging-place between the acts. The change was effected by a succession of very short flights of stairs, separated by broad platforms. The business office, which was presided over by Mr. Richard Dorney, a trusted lieutenant of many years, was on a level with the street. From it a steep pri-

vate staircase led to the auditorium, giving one an idea of the height of the latter above the street. Daly gradually bought houses on Twenty-ninth street, and other property in the rear of the theater, until it was one of the largest and most perfectly appointed playhouses in the United States. In fact, it is probably the most spacious house in this country used purely for purposes of the drama.

It was in a room in one of the former private residences on Twenty-ninth street, which from outward appearances would still pass for a private house, that Daly had his study. Like other rooms used by him, this was a perfect museum of bric-à-brac, stage mementoes, portraits of actors and actresses, and cabinets filled with books relating to the stage. While this was his main place for individual work, he also used other rooms about the theater. Among these was the Woffington room, in which he often saw the old year out and the new year in with the members of his company, his brother and one old friend, a lovely portrait of Peg looking down upon the scene. Here, too, he entertained Irving and Terry, Edwin Booth, General Sherman, Coquelin and other celebrities.

There is space in the theater building for the storage of nearly all the scenery



EMILY RIGL.



WILLIAM OWENS



SIDNEY HERBERT.



TYRONE POWER.

Photograph by Byron.

SCENE FROM "A RUNAWAY GIE."





Photograph by Ryron.

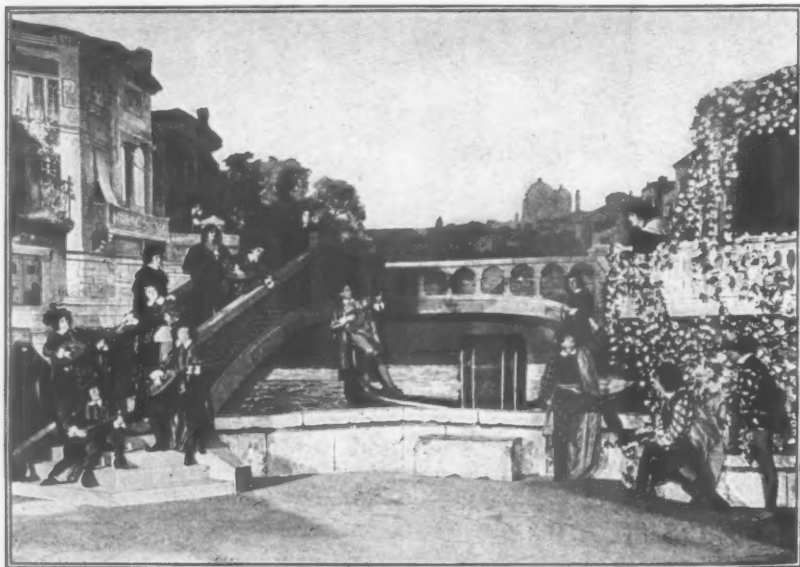
SCENE FROM "CYRANO DE BERGERAC."

used in the history of the house, the costumes and the properties. The furniture used on Daly's stage was always appropriate to the scene, and as there was not sufficient room for all of it in the theater building, much of it is stored in a big hall near by. The armory contains a rich collection of armor and weapons of almost all periods covered by the drama. Its extent can be gaged from the fact that among the pieces is a complete collection of armor for a play of "Joan of Arc" which was never produced.

How busy he was, may be realized from Mr. Dorney's statement, made to me, that at times Daly has had as many as four re-

hearsals going on in his theater at one time. Contrary to what the public imagines, the really busy time in a theater is when no performance is going on; but four rehearsals simultaneously is being busy with a vengeance. On the stage a play for the regular company was being rehearsed, a chorus was being drilled in the music director's room, some dancers were being instructed in new steps and poses in the foyer, while in another portion of the house a body of supers was being put through a series of evolutions. While giving his chief attention to the regular stage rehearsal, Mr. Daly occasionally fitted through the dim twilight of the theater and appeared before chorus, dancers and supers at unexpected moments. On the stage during rehearsal the manager occupied a low easy-chair which was regarded by members of his company as a throne from which commands to be implicitly obeyed were issued.

Coupled with this artistic instinct was a tireless energy. The multifarious departments of the theater all had his personal supervision. Is it a wonder that his last words indicated a desire to rest? "If I fall asleep, don't wake me"—then his eyes closed never to open again.



Photograph by Ryron.

SCENE FROM "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE."

THE LOITERING OF COLONEL TARLETON.

BY CHARLES FRANCIS BOURKE.

IT was Blue Monday in Aviston, but it was too hot to hold court, so the judge had adjourned proceedings after dinner, and gone fishing with the sheriff. Only a few circuit-riders had arrived in town, and of these some had gone visiting, and others had foregathered at the hotel on the corner of the court-house square, to cook up evidence or play poker as the spirit might move them. Col. "Davy" Tarleton, left alone in the court-room, sauntered into the judge's private office, closed the door behind him, pulled the judge's easy-chair over to the window that opened out on the far-away hills, and sat down.

Down below, in the court-house inclosure, three or four fox-hounds sprawled in the shade of the big magnolia like dead dogs. Just beyond the magnolia, there was a purple-topped ironwood which a catbird owned, and the catbird hopped about and peered and chattered and mewed at the dogs. The ground was covered with razor-grass, frizzled up under the blazing June sun. Over the court-house steps was a veranda, covered with honeysuckle, and a pair of bee-martins rusticated twittering therein, conducting their domestic affairs. Looking past the jail, down into the dip, the colonel could see from his window the silver line of the sunlit creek, and beyond, the "green hills far away." A red-clay road wandered off over the hills until it became a dusky red ribbon leading into the working world. Over that road Morgan and his raiders had ridden away to the wars thirty-five years before. Now, a lean and hungry razor-back grunted disconsolate along it. Down by the gate was a shrub covered with white blossoms that shed their fragrance on the burning air.

The colonel thought the distant hills had never looked so green and inviting nor the little creek so cool and silvery, flashing, flirting, glancing and dancing down below there, rippling in the shadow of the moss-grown swamp-oaks and in the glare of the yellow sunlight, as it had danced and flashed and rippled for a hun-

dred years. What an old, old man he had got to be, he thought—almost in a day! Seventy. And it seemed but yesterday he was a bare-legged boy going fishing in the creek, with a singing heart, and a willow wand for a rod. And what had he done yesterday, in reality? He had gone down there to that rippling, hurrying thread of water, a bent, old, white-haired man in rusty black, and had met old Bob Mabry, the hos'ler at the hotel, and he and Bob had made boats with chips and bits of paper, and sailed them gleefully; and coming back up the hill, old Bob had given him apologetically his arm to lean on, and he had told Bob not to mind saying where they had been, and Bob had said, fully understanding, "No, Marse Davy." And then they had both laughed like a pair of guilty school-boys.

From the window the colonel watched a blue jay fly into the dogwood, uttering his harsh, defiant note. A negro boy, who was carrying a pail of water, looked up at the fluttering creature and crooned in the clear, musical voice of his race—heritage of all the ages—

"Blue jay, blue jay, take yo' wah-nin',
Ole Satan git you Fri-day mahnin'."

Far away on the hillside a straight white thread of smoke rose in the quivering air, beyond the fields of wheat, and a hidden corner in the colonel's brain surged into the open country of his memory, and sat atop his reminiscence. For *Sally* used to live over there. A square, cool, white house, with a wide veranda all around it, and a path leading down to the road, and yellow roses blossoming all over the stoop—that was the old Tolliver place.

Not to go back too far—how brave and smiling she was when he went away to the war, when he told her he should come back with money to raise old man Brainerd's mortgage that he held over her father's place—and the pay he should expect! And she had caught her breath, her face gone suddenly white, her hand

pressed upon her heart, her eyes dry and shining. It was all so brave and beautiful! And when he had said good-by, and had moved down the road a step on Black Ben, looking back, his left hand on the cantle of the cavalry saddle, his heart patting his breast so lightly it turned him cold, Sally had cried out and run after him, her hands fluttering like wind-tossed paper, and he had swung off Ben and clasped her in his arms, petting her and coaxing her like a frightened child. And the big brave horse had stood like an ebony statue, his calm, wondering eyes turned upon them as they rocked against his mighty shoulder that twitched and wrinkled in sympathy. Poor old Ben—it would seem more in keeping with the romance of the thing if the old horse had been “shot under him in battle”; but Ben was not schooled in heroics and had taken his own way into the paradisaical green fields of good horses, and his way was colic from drinking swamp-water.

As for Sally, Sally whom he had loved all his life—well; he had never reproached her. He had not been away two years when she wrote to say that she had married young Brainerd and could never hope to be happy again but it meant a home for the old people and please forgive her and forget her and she was not worth thinking about—and a lot more, without any punctuation or stops at all. How well he remembered that letter! He had read it sitting on a rotten stump in the swamp in the cold gray of morning, and he remembered his first thought was that he was sorry for Brainerd, and then that he was hungry, and Sam Dickey (Sam was Judge Dickey now, bald and fat and red-faced) had divided a piece of hoeecake with him, and he had read Sam that part of Sally's letter about the marriage with Brainerd, and Sam had said, sniffing in sympathy, with his mouth full, what a beautiful instance of filial affection it was. And they had both laughed like a pair of remorseful hyenas shivering there in the gray morning swamp, with the blanketed men sleeping around them.

The thread of smoke on the hillside still rose in the summer air, and the colonel watched it until his eyes closed and his gray head fell gently upon his breast.

When he awoke, he felt chilled. The sun was on the tree-tops and a cool breeze blew in upon his face. He put his hand to his side and lay back panting until the sudden pain and weakness passed away. A bad thing to sleep before an open window with that neuralgia. The doctor had warned him. He got up and went into the court-room. The court was empty. He went downstairs to the hall where taxes, treasurer and the woodbox had their abiding-place, and thence out of the rear door across the grounds, in eager haste lest he should meet an intruder upon his thought. Across the grounds to a shady lane leading down to the creek. He had only to pass the houses fronting on the square, for beyond, the town ended in that direction. The little village seemed to him strangely silent and deserted. But he walked on a little farther and saw a white-wooled negro hoeing in a field and heard him drooling a plaintive old song, measuring the rhythm with the hoe's stroke:

“Jo-seph was a ole man,
A ole man wuz he,
But he mar-ried Ma-a-ry,
Queen er Ga-li-lee.”

That song was old when the colonel was a curly-headed boy playing around the village. “Mother used to dry her fingers on my head then,” he mused. “And old Benedict Arnold, that father owned, taught me that very song.” There was another the plantation “hands” used to sing, too—“I’se gwine ter cut yo’ haht out, mewel!”

A coney ran along the fence, flirting his bushy tail transparent in the sunlight. Out of the corn-stubble an old crow and his mate flapped away cawing. Then a red-winged blackbird flew with angry chatter off to the pines.

Following the path, he came to the foot-bridge, and looked over the rail upon the dancing waters of the creek. In the rushes a small wren balanced upon a twig and sang and teetered. The colonel looked down at the wren and the wren looked up at the colonel, his eyes like inquisitive beads and his head acock, and, satisfied no immediate mischief was forthcoming, piped away at his little song as if his life depended on it.

“The king of all birds,” thought the

colonel. "That is what we used to call him." So he sang when the world was young and gay; so would he sing when he who held the keys came to lock it up forever. The wren's mate was nesting somewhere near by. The colonel thought of Sally in her pinafore listening with him on that very bridge to the great-great-grandfather of that brown wren down in the rushes. Heigho, for the merry world!

He wondered if the swamp-oak still stood down by the bend. He had spent many happy hours there, a lifetime or so ago, fishing in the deep water-hole. One day, he had proposed to Sally that they call it "the willow that grows aslant the brook," and Sally (a practical lady with a little turned-up nose) had said, "We can't, Da-vy, 'cause it ain't a willow."

Now, if he had a bent pin and a piece of thread, he would look for a thousand-legs under the loose plank at the end of the bridge and try for a bite. The wren still sang, but all else was as if the world were dead. It was still and quiet and peaceful, and he was entirely alone with Sally and his memories. . . . He would go down and take a look, anyway!

There used to live a fine family of cottontails in that brush, and a red-backed shrike squatter held forth in the dead pine, and down in the punky-wood shrew-mice burrowed. They were all his familiars once.

As he thrust the bushes aside and waded through the tangled grass which caught him around the ankles, he thought the air had suddenly grown sweeter, and his heart sang with the little wren. Softly, softly he stole down to the familiar ground. There was the old tree, its brown coat covered with clinging vines and long yellow streaks of moss.

And there was something else! Sitting on one of the gaunt and branching roots was a boy pondering over a book. The boy's back was turned to the colonel, but the colonel never doubted who it was. He was a white-haired boy, with dreamy gray eyes that had a shimmer of green, and a freckled face, and bright-red suspenders. The boy's fishing-rod had fallen from his hand, but the cork float bobbed merrily in the ripples. He was a bare-legged boy, and had a rag tied around the big toe of

his left foot, and his cap was thrown on the moss beside him. The colonel laughed softly to himself as he thought, if *he* were that little boy his jacket would be hidden away somewhere—under the bridge maybe—because of the pride he took in those first new bright-red suspenders.

The boy's book was an absorbing one, for he neglected his fishing sadly, and the pole trailed in the water.

"I wonder," mused the colonel, "if it is about ancient song and stories, marvels high; of steel-clad knights of high emprise and adventures manifold; of joy and merry feastings; of brave champions and bloody battles; of maids of matchless beauty; of prancing war-horses with trappings of gold and silver and velvet; of sieges, and castles stormed; of Moors and kings, and single combats on drawbridges; of the tumbling of bodies into moats."

So it used to be—sixty-odd years ago—alackaday!

For a long time the colonel watched the freckle-faced boy turn page after page—so long it seemed there must soon be an end to any story, however entrancing. But he felt no weariness; only a strange, pleasant, satisfied sort of curiosity, as though he had been through it all before, long ages ago, and found it bitterly pleasant to do it all over again. Once when the boy put down the book and lifted the hook out of the water with an alert, suspicious eye, the colonel was heart-throbbing and on tiptoe with the hope that *this* time he had caught the sneaky fellow that had been nibbling, anyway! But the thousand-legs was still on the bent pin (of course it *was* a bent pin, just as the colonel knew), and they both sighed as the boy resignedly dropped the hook back into the water and took up the book again.

It was a blue-covered book with a picture in gold on the cover of Prince Firoze Shah on the Enchanted Horse carrying off the Beautiful Princess from the Villainous Indian (just exactly as things happen in real life when one is grown up), and castle minarets and palm-trees could be seen under the horse's wavy legs. Of course, there were other stories too, lots of them! Of Inkle and Yarico; of Alla-ad-Deen (whose true name was Aladdin) and the African Magician and the Wonderful Lamp;

of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table; of wicked Lord Soulis boiled in lead; of Valentine and Ursine; of Robin Hood (and that Curtal Friar of cursed memory that beat poor Robin full sore), with faithful Will Scarlett and the clothyard shaft, and Little John so churlish and so true, and the rest of the charming outlaws in Lincoln Green, who made Nottingham wood dangerous to meddlesome sheriffs and fat bishops, and took life in one long holiday. And away in the back of the blue-covered book was Robin again, because it was too good to put it all in one place:

"Go we to dinner, said Little John,
Robin Hood he said nay,
For I dread our Ladye be wroth with me,
She has sent me not my pay!"

Poetry was good enough for girls, but that kind of poetry seemed to be all right; there was nothing sissy about it; it seemed to have the right ring. O-h, it was a brave book, that blue-covered book with the golden horse with the wavy legs.

An old crow—one of those from the corn-stubble maybe—cawed as he flew over the creek, and the boy came out of Arabia and looked up at him. Then there came through the sweet-smelling woods the tinkling welcome sound of a far-off dinner-bell, clangorous and insistent. The boy closed the blue-covered book and laid it down on the cloth cap (so it wouldn't get soiled). Then he began to wind up the thread on his fishing-pole, his gray eyes white and squinting as he roamed the sky for more crows. They were so black and sly and secretive, those fellows!

"I'm sorry he's going," thought the colonel. The boy put the pole down by the book and cap, and took a look at the sore toe, slipping off the sadly soiled rag with the string wrapped around it in concentric rings.

The boy washed the toe in the creek and replaced the rag. Then he started up and laughed gleefully, his red mouth wide open and quivering, his specks of teeth dissociated, his gray eyes open and dancing. And the colonel started, too. For a girl's clear, ringing voice flashed through the dimming sunlit air from the bridge, and the colonel's heart gave a mighty bound.

"Da-vy Tarleton," called the girl. "Your mama says come-to-din-ner. I'm going to eat at your house to-day!"

"I'm comin', Sally!" The boy tossed his cap on his head and caught up the book, trailing his fishing-rod.

Darkness had fallen, and night-hawks screamed and circled over the village. To the party smoking in front of the hotel came the deep-throated, mournful bay of a hound, sobbing and quivering on the night-air. The sheriff sprang to his feet.

"That's my Don," he exclaimed. "What's up? He never howls like that unless——"

A white-eyed negro came running, gibbering with fear. The sheriff pounced with a curse upon him like a blaspheming terrier on a cornered rat.

"Dar—dar in de co't-house—de cunnel—Don done foun' him," he babbled. The sheriff swung him out of the way and bounded into the darkness. Again came the long-drawn, soul-searching howl.

They found a light burning in the judge's room. The sheriff was bending over a still form that sat in an arm-chair by the open window, and the sheriff's hands were clasped behind his back. Don, the black-and-tan hound, his red, dissipated eyes like coals and his mane bristling, had his paws up on the other side of the chair. The officer looked up. A stout man had forced his way through the crowd with the bustling importance of vested authority, and stood at his side.

"That you, Doc?" said the sheriff, still intent. "Look at him."

The doctor lifted the colonel's arm, held it a moment and as the room went suddenly dumb let it drop back again.

"He's quite dead."

"I knowed that," said the sheriff, speaking slowly out of the largeness of his experience. "I've saw dead men before now. T'aint that. Jest look at him, Doc. Aint he peaceful-like an' smilin' like a little kid goin' to sleep?"

"He just went to sleep and never knew when it happened, Dave. Neuralgia of the heart," said the doctor, enjoying the sonority of professional wisdom, "that's what it was; just went to sleep and didn't know anything about it."

A MODERN CLEOPATRA.

(Illustrated by models posed by Zaida Ben-Yusuf before her camera.)

BY CHARLES BELMONT DAVIS.



IF Escott had planned his own downfall, he would not have had it otherwise. His failure was absolute and complete, and until the last moment he had lived as he had always lived.

He had spent the morning and the greater part of the afternoon in the little glass office of his broker. "Of course," said his financial adviser, "we are willing to increase your margins for your own sake, and the sake of your father, who was a good client, but I fear that we could not help you

sufficiently to beat out the present market. Besides, we but followed your instructions. The fault, you must admit, was yours, not ours. Sell now and the statement shows you owe us nothing. A few days, a few hours, and you may be hampered with a serious debt which it will take you years to pay back."

Escott got up and pulled on his gloves with some deliberation.

"That seems easy," he said. "Then I owe you nothing?"

"Nothing," echoed the broker. "We will call your account balanced, and let me tell you that you have acted wisely. I hope that you will build up another fortune as great as your father's, and once more become one of our valued clients."

Escott smiled and ran lightly down the steps. He gave the address of his lawyer to the cabman and fell back into the deep cushions of the hansom, the smile still

playing about his lips. He felt as if a great weight had been lifted from his mind. The struggle was over and now he knew the worst. For months he had hung on with a terrible tenacity to the hope of building up a new fortune on the small remnants of his patrimony. He had not changed his mode of life one iota, and when the end seemed to be approaching he had placed his little all on one coup which, if successful, might have saved him. But the coup was not successful. He had failed, but he owed no one a farthing. His life had to the present been laid along a smooth and shaded pathway. On either side were pleasant pastures in which he had roamed at will with no heed of the future. Above the shade-trees that lined his path the sun had forever seemed to shine, and its rays glinted through the boughs and had lighted him on his joyous way. But now he had come to a great stone wall, sheering high above him, the shadow of warning it had thrown in his path had been unheeded, and he was face to face with the rocks and mortar. He stood before it impotently. Good health alone was his; his life had taught him no means of overcoming the obstacle that faced him.

The cab stopped at his lawyer's door, but the office was closed. After all, it mattered but little. He knew there was nothing owing to him, and the interview would have ended but in harsh words and a beggarly loan, and at heart he was glad to avoid both one and the other.

Not until he had reached his own warmly lit rooms did he seriously consider or acknowledge to himself that a great change had come into his life, and that a decision of great import must be reached and that at once. For a moment he tried to avoid the struggle and lay back in an easy-chair listening to his servant moving stealthily about the adjoining room. And then, as if to arouse himself, he stood up and threw the cigar he had been smoking to the hearth. Whatever there was to

be done must be done alone; he wished no one to be a partner in his ignominy.

He called his servant, and the man appeared in the doorway.

"Yes," he said, "I think you had better put out my evening things, and after I go out pack up all my clothes. I am going away. Come to-morrow morning and make the rooms ready for the agent. Put the photographs in the trunks, and you had better take any of the bric-à-brac that is mine for yourself."

"Thank you, sir," said the servant. "Am I to go with you?"

"No, I think not. I'm afraid I shall not need you for the present. I'm sorry I could not give you more time to look about for another place."

Escott took out his pocketbook, and gave the man the last bills it held.

"There are your wages for two weeks," he said. "That is usual, is it not?"

The man bowed and left the room, shutting the door behind him. "And now," said Escott, half aloud, "where the devil am I to go? Leave these rooms I certainly must. If I stay in New York I shall have to take a clerkship, and that probably means a refined boarding-house at best."

And then there came over him an awful dread of the life that he must lead in the city where he had once been of some import. He knew that he could never be a part of it again, only a miserable outsider. And with it all came a terrible love for his life of the past, the material side of it rose up before him and seemed doubly, trebly attractive to him now that it was beyond his grasp. To it all there seemed but one answer. He must leave the town and the people he loved, and must begin again where there was nothing to remind him of all the happiness that he had known and that was no longer to be his.

"Thank God," he said, "there is still time to leave it with honor!" He threw himself into a chair, and burying his head in his arms wondered at the men he knew whom he had seen fail as he had failed and lacked the strength to fly away from it all. Some of them had become secretaries to rich friends, sometimes in their offices, sometimes in their homes, with salaries out of all proportion to their worth. Some

spent their lives as guests in their friends' houses, wandering from place to place, living in the hope that the next mail would bring them a letter offering them a bed and board for the following week. It mattered not whether it was on a yacht or a special train or only a country house—it meant food and drink, a week more of ease, a week less of honest work. And then there were the men at the clubs. No one knew how they even paid their dues, but they made many wagers and were known to win often at cards—people seemed to forget their occasional losses till the final breaking up and the sudden disappearance came. And then there were the men who sold themselves and their father's name and married the highest bidder. No, he would not be of these. "Broke," he said to himself, "but not a blackguard."

He walked across the room and, raising the window, looked down on the black city with its myriad of yellow lights. The buzz of the streets rose in a great wave of sound, and as he held tightly the window-frame, the towers and church steeples seemed to waver slightly, and the high buildings to rock slowly on their foundations, and all seemed to be moving toward him. "My God," he said, "how I love it."

An hour later Escott had fully realized the novelty and extreme seriousness of his position. It was most contradictory, and the situation was not without humor even in the eyes of the chief actor in this modern tragedy. He sat in a luxurious room, dressed as well as the best English tailor and valet could make him; his assets, an extensive wardrobe, the ticket for a box at a music hall for that night, and a dollar bill and a few silver coins. There were two courses open to him. One was to sell the luxurious wardrobe, pawn the little jewelry he owned and with the proceeds leave New York and begin a new life far from the world he knew and liked so well and where he was equally well known and equally liked. The idea of beginning again in New York was not worthy of consideration. The other alternative was made possible by an excellent credit. It had been done before, was being done every day. With a few loans easily con-

tracted from his immediate friends, and a long credit at the clubs and restaurants and the shops where he was known, he could live for weeks, even months. He had known men do it for years. In the mean time something might turn up. If it didn't—well! he could then leave town and begin his new workaday life. There would be some unpleasant things said about him, but after all it would soon be forgotten, and no doubt he would some day return and pay back the money and resume his old position, or nearly the same position. The world on the whole, he inclined to believe, was generous to young men who had temporarily fallen by the wayside. It was a great temptation, and he had a terrible desire for one last round of pleasure before he left this material world which had always held forth its arms to him.

Whatever he did, he felt must be done at once. He knew that he should turn his back on it all and seek honor in flight. It was really the only course, and after the first step the rest would be easy. But he feared to take the first plunge. It was nearly dinner-time, and he was rather

hungry. He could sell nothing before the next morning, and he must either dine on the little money he had or open an account at a restaurant. There was the first hurdle rising directly in front of him. He could take it as a thoroughbred hunter should or he could shy at it like a dog. He buttoned his coat tightly about him, and set out to look for his first cheap dinner.



"THE MAN BOWED AND LEFT THE ROOM."

It was nearing seven o'clock when he turned into the avenue. In the half-dozen blocks he walked he passed as many doors where he could have entered and have been sure of a hearty welcome and a good dinner, but there was to be no turning aside, no chance for a change of decision on the morrow. The solemn doors of his friends' houses tempted him but little, and so he passed them by until it occurred to him that the avenue was not the place to look for restaurants.

especially where they served dinners for a dollar. He turned down Thirty-fourth street and in a few minutes found himself on Broadway. The street, with its thousands of white and yellow lights, was crowded with men and women returning from their work, and he regarded them with a new interest

and wondered how he should play their part. They certainly seemed a happy, contented lot. A newsboy ran in front of him and thrust an evening paper into his hand. He took the paper mechanically, and while he was looking for his change asked the boy how much he made on each paper and how many he sold a day.

"Half a cent on each copy," he repeated after the boy, "and you sell perhaps thirty on a good day." He told the boy to keep the change, and went on, whistling softly to himself.

He had gone but a short distance farther when he heard a woman's voice calling him by name, and then a hansom drew up suddenly at the curb and a girl alighted, and without paying him much heed gave the driver some directions about meeting her later at the stage-door.

Miss Stella Brunelle had never before inspired any particular interest in him, and she certainly did not do so at this moment when his thoughts were distinctly of a serious nature. He had frequently watched her with pleasure from a box at one of the music-halls, where he was an occasional visitor, and she had appeared to him as part of a bright and pleasing picture. Her physical attractions on and off the stage were easily evident, but as to her mental powers or views of life in general he had chosen to remain in ignorance. He had known Miss Stella Brunelle for some time, as he had known many other women of the stage, and on several occasions she had been his guest at supper-parties. "I like Stella Brunelle," he had explained once, "because to my mind she fills the youthful ideal of what a stage beauty really should be. I always ask her to supper when I have a college man or a friend from the country stopping with me. I suppose she does eat eggs and drink coffee for her breakfast, but I always somehow imagine her confronted by hot birds and a wine-cooler at her feet. My college and bucolic friends all delight in her, but personally I don't know that we have exchanged five words."

When Miss Brunelle had dismissed her hansom, she turned to Escott with much enthusiasm and apparent real delight at the meeting.

"Well, I am glad," she said. "I was

that lonesome at home that I simply couldn't eat by myself, so I came downtown in the hope of finding some one to dine with. Now don't tell me you have an engagement. If you have, send them a wire. I must have dinner with somebody."

Escott threw away his cigarette, and looked down into Miss Brunelle's large, appealing eyes.

"No," he said, meditatively, "I'm not dining with any one. Quite alone, in fact." He hesitated for a moment and took a cursory inventory of Miss Brunelle's furs and her glistening white gloves.

"I was thinking," he said, "of trying one of those Sixth avenue table d'hôtes. They do say you get the most remarkable dinner for fifty cents. Have you ever tried one?"

"I certainly have," answered Miss Brunelle, "and I can't see them with field-glasses. Table d'hôtes and beefsteak parties are all right in a big crowd on Saturday nights, but this is only Tuesday."

"So it is," he answered, "only Tuesday, as you say. Still, I rather like the idea of just your and my dining alone at a table d'hôte. You know they throw in wine and coffee, and olives and salted almonds for all I know."

"But why?" said Miss Brunelle, a little impatiently. "Here we are at the door of the Palm-room. Why go farther?"

"Why, yes; why, of course," he said. "Let's go in here."

For just a moment he stopped at the door. How absurd it all was, to be sure—only the cost of the dinner. He could pay the next morning. And yet he could not help the feeling that he had been a little weak, for in a way he had broken the promise he had made to himself, and the cause was hardly a worthy one.

They walked down the long room under the palms, the mirrors reflecting their figures as they passed. Escott knew half the people at the tables and nodded to them as he followed the maître d'hôtel to the end of the restaurant. The girl stopped to speak to some of her friends, but he seemed to wish to avoid them as much as it was possible, and did not halt until he had reached his own table.

There certainly was a charm about it all—the low music, the dull marbles and the old-gold pillars, and the bright dresses of the women half hidden by the palms, and Miss Brunelle sitting opposite to him at the little table with its snowy linen and heavy silver and fine glass. As the girl drew off her gloves, he looked up curiously into her face, shaded by the dull light of the little table-lamp. She seemed to him to have a great deal of beauty at that moment. "And now," she said, briskly, "what is it to be?"

"What do you think?" he said.

"Well, you know I'm out of that bit in the first of the act, and don't come until near the end, so I have plenty of time. My idea about a dinner," she ran on, "is to have nothing that is ready or inexpensive, and simplicity only as regards length."

"I should say that meant," he said, "a clear soup, duck, terrapin with salad, and café extra. What do you think?"

"Yes," she said, slowly, "and let us compromise on something fairly dry."

The dinner ordered. Miss Brunelle settled back into her chair and smiled contentedly across the table.

"Billy," she said, "you don't mind my calling you Billy—everybody does. What are you going to call me?"

"Oh, I don't know—Miss Fate, I think might be an appropriate name."

"Why Miss Fate?" she asked. "Is that a part in a play?"

"Yes," he said. "It's a character part in a tragedy called 'Life.'"

"Really, but I wouldn't look so serious about it if I were you, and for heaven's sake don't look me all over like that. Is there anything the matter with my collar?" Miss Brunelle turned and gazed at herself in the mirror.

"It wasn't your collar so much as your face that interested me," he said. "They say that every Antony has his Cleopatra, but I somehow never imagined you as mine. But we can never tell, can we?"

"Cleopatra," repeated Miss Brunelle—"I only saw Fanny Davenport in the part. I forget Antony. What did he do?"

"Antony? Well—he had a big, fine thing to do, and he started out to do it all right and then he met Cleopatra, and he ran away."

"What, ran away from the lady? How brusque," said Miss Brunelle.

"No, he ran away from the fine thing."

"All on account of the lady?" asked the

soubrette. "Times haven't changed much, have they?" and she glanced significantly around the restaurant.



"Thank heaven, here's the soup," she added. "And Cleopatra, she let him run away from the stunt?"

"Oh, yes," he said; "times haven't changed much in that respect either, do you think?"

"Well, now," said Miss Brunelle, "I don't know. There was Johnny Andrews. Did you know him? He went broke. Races, I think—and he went away—never so much as said good-by. A girl sent him away. I'll never forget the night he got back. He walked into the box and Elsie fainted. Well, the whole show stopped, and old Gessler, that led the orchestra, stood up and bowed to him." Miss Brunelle picked up a piece of bread and broke it reflectively. "I guess that was the gayest supper I ever attended."

Escott leaned back in his chair and looked curiously into the girl's face.

"You're very interesting," he said, "because you represent a certain type to me." Miss Brunelle smiled doubtfully. "I should like your opinion," he asked, "because you I know are quite honest. Now suppose a man you knew, a man like myself, who is supposed to have plenty of money, should wake up some day and find himself ruined. Quite ruined, I mean, literally without a penny. You wouldn't say to him, 'Go away,' would you? It seems to me you would say: 'Better stay here; a few more dinners, a few more suppers, what matter the cost in the future? Here there's life and pleasure. We will smile at you, and we will make you laugh. After all, our interest ends with the liquors. The bill is paid by somebody, some time.' That is what you would say, isn't it?"

He was speaking with much earnestness, and leaning far over the table, looked anxiously into the girl's face as if her answer was of much moment to him. "Look at the men about us. What do you know of them? To-day they are rich, because they are spending their money like Indian princes. But how is it to-morrow? How many men have you and I seen here fail and fail miserably with debts everywhere? Do we care? We have eaten with them and drunk with them and laughed with them. Does it matter after all from where the money comes? We have paid our debt

in our presence and in our poor jokes. We owe them nothing."

Miss Brunelle put down her fork and looked casually over different diners of the room. "Well," she said, "now there's—but that's personal. I think perhaps we would all act differently. Some of our friends here to-night should be in jail and some have a fair right to be at large. The trouble is that when we are making two hundred a week we forget we carried a spear. It's really wonderful how quickly you can educate yourself from a piece of bacon to a partridge breast. I don't suppose there is hardly any one here to-night that hasn't done a sketch in a ten-twenty-and-thirty show, and now look at us. Why, I remember the days when they used to give out the parts I didn't care whether I had a line or was the whole show, and I can remember when I used to lend the other girls my rouge and hare's-foot and help pack the star's trunk for her. These long engagements in New York and this rubber-tired life do make one a little selfish, I guess. As you say, Billy, I suppose we do rather come to regard these things as our rights. I don't suppose we do think much when or how it all comes. If you had ever done a season of one-night stands you would know what a good New York engagement means. Heavens, how I hate the road. This is the real thing. No trains and early calls and lunch-counter dinners for me again. Eat, drink and for heaven's sake try and make merry. What are you thinking about?"

"I was thinking," he said, "that to-morrow night some poor devil here may have dropped out of it all. Dropped into some strange place without any money and without friends. And the worst of it all will be that he will know that here it is all going on just the same as it was the night before—the same crowd and the same music—and that his friends of the night before will laugh with the rest of them. And he will be as dead to them as if he had never lived."

"My!" said Miss Brunelle, "you are a lively companion. Let me count the men here to-night. If they don't all show up to-morrow, I'm afraid I couldn't eat my dinner."

And then Miss Brunelle seemed to pull



"SITTING OPPOSITE AT THE LITTLE TABLE WITH ITS SNOWY LINEN."

herself together mentally, as it were, and to assume the head of the table and the role of the hostess. She talked continuously, and laughed over the old days of the road and her strange experience as a popular soubrette, the idol of the New England and Pennsylvania circuits. And finally Escott found himself laughing, too, and asking her many questions, and her views on people and events of the day. They were perhaps narrow views, but they were interesting ones because they were somewhat individual and always amusing. At times

it almost seemed to Escott that the girl was perhaps forcing her fun in her efforts to keep him interested, but he was hardly willing to admit that she was capable of making any serious effort for any cause, and so he credited the flow of spirits to the excellent dinner, which Miss Brunelle seemed to find most grateful. But in time Miss Brunelle consulted her diamond-studded watch and began to search for her gloves.

Escott called for the check, and when it came he signed it with some deliberation

and putting the last dollar he owned on the silver plate pushed it toward the waiter.

"Don't you ever look at your checks," asked Miss Brunelle, "especially when you sign them?"

"I don't know," he answered. "I can't remember that I ever signed one here before." He turned the check over and glanced at the amount. It read, "Fourteen dollars and thirty cents."

"Why do you smile?" she asked.

"Oh, I don't know," he answered; "there is something rather comic about that thirty cents. It seems such an unnecessary detail. Do you have to go?"

Escott took Miss Brunelle to the stage-door and then went up into his box. It was warm, and the little theater looked very bright, and the audience seemed particularly enthusiastic and easily amused. From the stage he looked down on the sea of faces. They all were smiling, and seemed so content and fearless of the morrow. His glance wandered back to the stage, and he looked curiously at two women who were dancing down to the footlights.

"And," said Escott, to himself, "they will be doing that to-morrow night, and the night after, and the night after that. And they will smile as they are smiling now and be quite content."

The performance passed before him as a revolving kaleidoscope, a whirling mass of color and odd lights and fanciful movements. For a moment he tried to steady his thoughts and to hunt out Miss Brunelle. She was standing up the stage and looking curiously, it seemed, at him. She smiled at him and he back at her, and then somehow she became blended in the stage-picture again, and was lost in the moving mass of color. He pulled viciously on his cigar, and breathed the hot air of the theater through his nostrils. It was all so warm and bright and the music so tuneful. Yes, it was very hard

to give it all up. And why should he? No. He would stay on for a day or a week or a month and drift with the tide of his own dissipated fortunes. There must come a turning some day. The curtain was falling, and he smiled listlessly at the faces of half a dozen women who were smiling up at him. The music went on playing the popular song of the burlesque, and he went out humming it to himself.

"Some day," he thought, "I may be humming that on a prairie or in jail, and it will bring all this back to me. I must not forget that song. It is so reminiscent."

At first he decided that he would begin his week of pleasure at once, and had determined to look up some of his friends for a little supper-party. And then the strain of the day began to tell upon him, and as he walked into the cool air of the streets his steps seemed to turn instinctively toward his home.

On his desk he found two notes. The first he opened was an invitation to a dinner for the following night. "Will I go? Rather," he said. "The devil doesn't seem to lose much time in looking after his own."

The second note was addressed in pencil, and in an unknown handwriting. He tore off the envelope and found inside the bill for the dinner he had had that night with Miss Brunelle. His glance fell on the familiar fourteen dollars and thirty cents, and then he turned over the soiled slip of paper, and across its back was stamped the name of the hotel and the word "Paid," and then underneath it, in the same handwriting as the envelope, were these lines from Miss Stella Brunelle: "Dear Billy: I told the girls at the theater that you were going away to-morrow. Going into some sort of business out West (I forget just where). They were very sorry, but they said they would be mighty glad to see you again whenever you got back. Good-by, and God bless you, Billy."



OPERATING AN "UNDERGROUND"

ROUTE TO CUBA.

By GEORGE RENO.

"NOTHING," said Gen. Maximo Gomez to me, in the fall of 1895, "is of greater importance to the success of the revolution than to establish and maintain a line of communication between the junta in New York and the chiefs of the civil and military departments on the island."

This, during the first eighteen months of the war, was comparatively easy. But during the summer of 1897 the Spanish lines began to be much more closely drawn; more boats were placed upon the blockade; a sharper watch was maintained day and night. All mail-matter was subjected to a rigid examination, and not even the mails of the foreign consuls were exempt.

In the fall of 1896 I had succeeded in escaping from the island with six companions in a small open boat, sailing from Guanaja, on the north coast of Camaguey, and reaching Nassau by way of Andros Island a few days later, from which point we journeyed on to New York. The feasibility of the route for secret service operations suggested itself to me at that time.

For the purpose of establishing a reliable service between Cuba and the United States, I sailed for Nassau early in November of 1897. I knew that my task would not be an easy one, because instructions from the crown to the English authorities in the Bahamas had been peremptory and most unfriendly to the cause of the insurgents.

Soon after landing, I casually went my way uptown and dropped into the drug-store of Dr. Indelcio Salas. The doctor was the chief delegate of the Nassau station, or "partido Cubano."

I was immediately conducted into the little side-room and given a hearty reception, but got no encouragement with reference to the object of my mission. Everything had "gone to the devil."

A little later I strolled down to the sponge wharf, and studied the various craft that were lying alongside while waiting to dispose of their cargoes. I approached a

group of sloops and schooners hailing from Andros, and sat down in the shade near them, looking for some "conch" who gave evidence of possessing a little nerve. Soon a talkative, good-natured fellow came along and asked if I wanted to hire a boat, in which to go fishing or "pleasuring-in'." I pointed to the name on the stern of a craft close by and asked him if he knew anything about Andros Island.

He replied that he knew all about Andros and every other island in the Bahamas, and he would even carry me to Cuba if I wanted to go. Upon receiving this information, I asked him what he knew of Cuba. He finally admitted that he didn't know much, but that the knowledge of that island which he did not possess might be found in old Sam Montell. Sam, he told me, was a "sharp old nigger," a filibuster of the Ten Years' war. Whereupon I sent him for Sam.

Soon after, he appeared with this coffee-colored old veteran, who sized me up very carefully before he had much to say. Sam was somewhere between seventy and one hundred years old, bent and grizzled, but with a close mouth and a wise head on his shoulders.

Bob, my first acquaintance, had a boat which I could get for two dollars a day. The pilots wanted one dollar a day each for their services. The boat was new and clean, about twenty-five feet long, ten feet



Drawn by T. Dart Walker.
LOBOS LIGHT.

beam, with a center-board, and drew only about eighteen inches of water. She was schooner-rigged and would suit my purpose very well. In less than twenty minutes I had completed the bargain for a two weeks' trip to any place that my fancy might dictate, and had the men laying in a store of provisions which would be suitable for the voyage.

I informed Doctor Salas that I had got a boat, engaged my men and would sail for Cuba at sundown. The doctor caught his breath, but said, "Good boy," handing me a package of long-delayed mail for General Gomez and the provisional government, together with a new forty-four-caliber revolver.

Soon after dark, we dropped out of the harbor, and running before a stiff nor'easter crossed the "tongue of the ocean," sixty miles, making the mouth of Northern bight at daylight.

The course to Lobos light, "the jumping-off place of the Bahamas," was due south, but the wind had worked around to east by south and Sam, my old pilot, was afraid our flat-bottomed boat—which, for lack of a more appropriate name, I called the "Sally Annie Waddles"—would "slide off to windward" in the hundred-mile run before us, so he kept her running pretty close to the wind, or about southeast by south.

We figured that we should make the light by one o'clock in the morning, but we didn't, nor could it be seen at two, three or four. By daylight we were in seven fathoms of disagreeably rough water and the weather thickening, so Sam suggested that we run northwest awhile, parallel to the edge of the old Bahama channel.

This we did until nearly noon, but still no sign of the light. Then both Sam and Bob acknowledged that they were lost and refused to take the responsibility of further search for Lobos key. In this dilemma I ordered the course of the schooner changed to southwest, and with the gale blowing stronger every hour we flew before it, straining our eyes in all directions in an effort to make land or lighthouse against the ugly background of the storm-clouds.

As night came on, Sam looked serious, but held the tiller in a grip of iron. Bob

spent most of his time in mingled prayer and regret that his rum-flask was empty. I stood forward in the lee of the foresail, wet and anxious.

Suddenly a low, black object loomed up before me on our lee-bow. "Land to the south'ard," I cried.

"What does it look like?" cried Sam.

"Low, flat, covered with brush, as nearly as I can see, and with no trees," I replied.

"Dat's Ginger key! Now I knows where we is, praise God!"

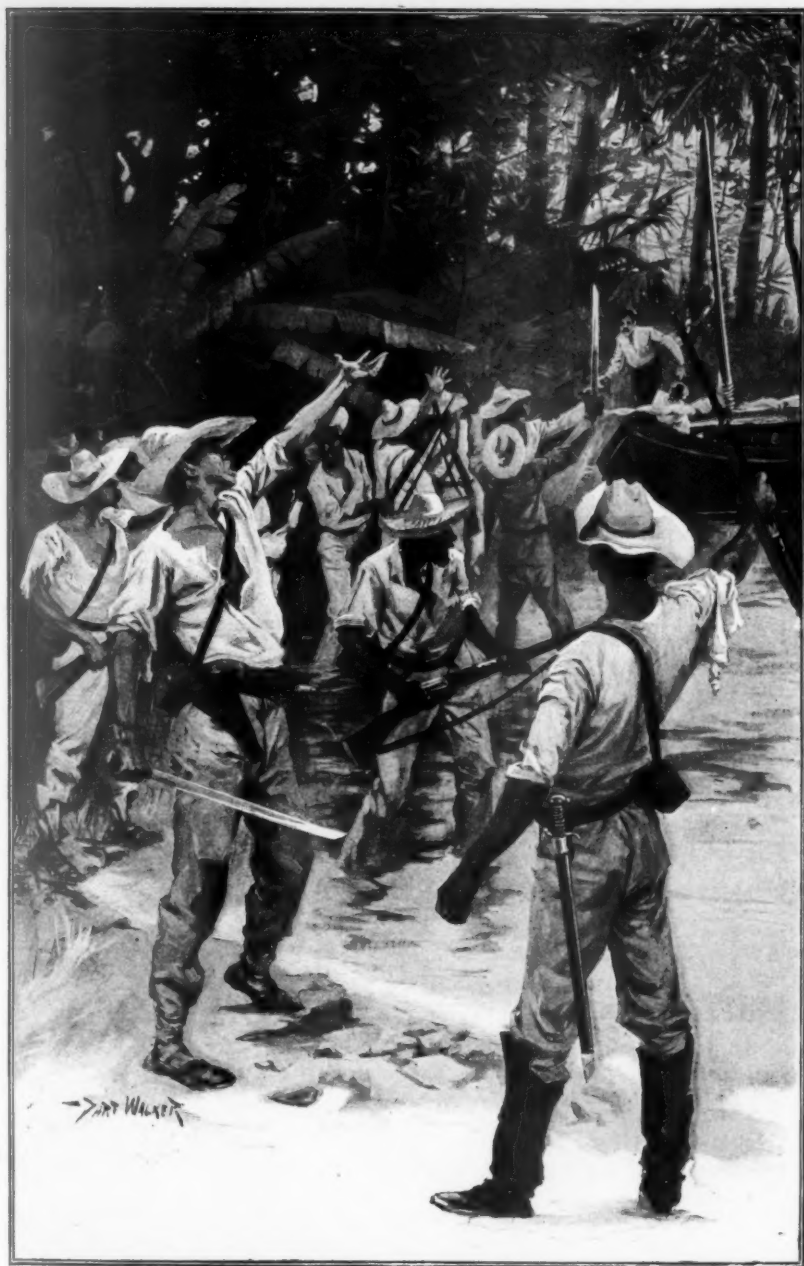
He was right; it was Ginger key, and after rounding the breakers that lay off the north shore, we were soon anchored under its lee, a tired, hungry trio of mariners, but thankful to find shelter from a gale which would probably have brought us to grief before daylight.

In less than an hour the half-masked lights of a Spanish man-of-war betrayed the enemy steaming slowly westward in her regular patrol for Cuban filibusters. But our little schooner was not seen in the inky blackness of the night, and our solitary light was kept carefully below deck.

With the first hint of light on the horizon line, we got under way, and stood toward the east again in quest of Lobos. This light was the key to Cuba, the only point of the Bahamas from which I could take bearings at sundown and steal through the Spanish blockade on the other side of the channel.

By ten o'clock, with a light breeze, we had covered fifteen miles, but there was no sign of land or lighthouse. The eight hours of dead calm which followed did not tend to comfort us.

A little after sundown, a breeze sprang up from east-northeast. From six to eight I kept a close watch forward, but there was no sign of light save that of the stars. I would have given hundreds for just one glance at a chart, but the latter was resting on a top shelf of Doctor Salas's drug-store in Nassau; it had been forgotten. I thought me of my cloth map of the Cuban coast and hurried below to study it. Sam was sure that Ginger key lay opposite Paredon light; Paredon light was on my map. I knew that Lobos was opposite cayo Confitus, so I measured the distance from Paredon to Confitus on my map and



Drawn by T. Dart Walker.

"'CUBA!' CAME THE ANSWER FROM A DOZEN THROATS."

found it to be forty miles, which led me to believe that Lobos must be forty miles from Ginger key instead of fifteen. Sam's recollection had failed him, that was all.

A little after midnight, we anchored within a hundred yards of cayo Lobos and the long-sought-for light. When morning came, I went ashore and called on Mr. Farrington, the head keeper, and Mr. Knowles, his assistant. They were very friendly to the Cubans, but objected to Lobos becoming a general rendezvous, as it would endanger their position.

I assured Mr. Farrington that nothing would be done to incriminate him, and convinced him that my purely social calls in passing by from Nassau to the southward and return might prove serviceable, especially as the lighthouse-tender called but three times a year. Both Mr. Farrington and Mr. Knowles afterward rendered us valuable assistance in many ways.

That afternoon I went to the top of the tower, one hundred and forty-six feet, and with the long-distance glasses made a careful survey of the Cuban coast. There was no man-of-war in sight, so I determined to try it that night.

A Spanish gunboat had anchored not far from Lobos the day before but had finally gone on to the westward. She had passed us in the dark at Ginger key.

A little after sundown we said good-by to the lighthouse-keepers, got sail on the "Sallie Annie Waddles" and stood across the old Bahama channel, toward the Cuban coast. All lights were out; a small, pale strip of moon enabled me occasionally to catch a glimpse of the compass. The course from Lobos was south by west, and as the moon rose higher above the horizon its light caused me considerable anxiety. Fortunately, as we neared Confitus drifting clouds obscured it much of the time. Behind that island was the anchorage of the Spanish gunboats; if they saw us, it was all up with the proposed underground route, and those engaged in traversing it. The breeze was from the north, and fair. By 9:30 I could make out the two lone cocoanut-palms which help to distinguish Confitus from the other keys. For a moment the moon shone out dangerously bright; we involuntarily held our breath.

Then came a great bank of friendly clouds, and with them the darkness of which we were so much in need. We passed Confitus and entered the pass between it and cayo Verde. Straight for the point of high hills on cayo Romano we made, and creeping in under their shadows we stood down along the coast for six miles until abreast of the one lone palm on the southern extremity of the island, then, with a turn toward the southwest, we rounded the end of Romano, and entered the interminable labyrinth of mangrove keys which lies between it and the mainland of Cuba.

To find Guajaba pass and penetrate it in the dark was impossible for any but the most experienced pilots, and even they at times became puzzled with its twists and turns, so I simply hunted for a retreat where we might lie concealed until found by the Cuban coast-guard. If we had been found by the Spanish patrol-boats first—well, the story of the underground route would not have been written.

By midnight we were anchored in one of the hundred waterways between Guanaja bay and Romano. What daylight would bring forth God only knew, for we were in the enemy's country, as the Spaniards still had control of Romano, and from their heliograph stations thereon could easily signal up and down the coast.

In spite of an unavoidable nervous strain, I slept soundly until nearly morning, but with the first sign of dawn I sent Sam and Bob to the nearest point on the shore with all the correspondence and a number of valuable government seals and steel stamps.

These were buried a little back of the beach, and the negroes then returned to the boat, which was hard aground. If we were captured, the documents intended for the provisional government of Cuba would not fall into the hands of the enemy. At about an hour after daylight two men and a boy came toward us; they claimed to be Cubans, and gave us several nice mullets which they had just caught. After chatting a few moments, they said adios and disappeared. But their visit made me a little uneasy when I reflected upon the fact that they could secure a rich reward by simply informing the Spanish forces at Romano of our presence.

Two hours later, the tide had risen so that our boat was afloat, and I sent my two pilots ashore to dig up and bring aboard the correspondence, so that we might hunt some opening in the direction of Guanaja. Once on the mainland of Cuba, we should be safe. With my marine glasses I scanned the lagoon in all directions, looking for one of the "mosquito fleet" of small gunboats which I did not want to see.

Sam and Bob had nearly reached the shore when from the jungle of mangroves suddenly sprang a body of about twenty rough-looking men with carbines cocked and a general appearance which painfully suggested Spanish guerrillas, of whom I had very unpleasant recollections.

Bob made a bee-line for the boat, his feet hardly seeming to touch the water as he ran. Poor Sam, who was farther away, hesitated a moment, not knowing whether it was best to try for the schooner or make a dive for the woods, which were nearer. He turned, as I thought, toward the land. In an instant twenty carbines were leveled at him.

"Don't shoot that man!" I called. "If you want anything, come to the boat." Then to Sam I shouted, "Get aboard, quick!"

The poor old fellow needed no further suggestion; in a moment he was making bounds through the water that would have done credit to a kangaroo. The men followed him in a semicircle, but more slowly, as the water was up to their knees.

I was intently watching his pursuers with my revolver cocked in my lap. Even with my glass I could see no bandarillos on their hats, which would help me to determine whether they were friends or foes. I did not dare to call, "Quien va?" because if they were Spaniards, the reply would be a shower of bullets; and if Cubans, "Quien vive?" might bring similar results.

They were now within thirty yards and closing in on us. Suddenly I caught a glimpse of a kind of campaign button on the side of their straw hats. In its center was a miniature Cuban flag used by a cigar manufacturer of Fulton street, New York.

"Quien va?" I shouted.

"Cuba!" came the answer from a dozen throats, followed by "Quien es?"

"Reno," I replied, and in a moment more twenty forms climbed over the rail and gave me the friendly embrace of the island. They were the coast-guard of the insurgents, under the command of Lieutenant Alonzo.

Under the guidance of Alonzo we made our way through Guajaba pass, crossed the bay of Guanaja, and made fast to one of the piers in front of the ruins of the town of that name.

The news of our approach had spread before us, and some fifty of the Cuban coast-guard were assembled to meet us. Although horses were scarce, the coast inspector managed to procure a couple of doubtful-looking equines which he thought would be able to carry me and my correspondence, the latter weighing some eighty pounds, to the seat of the provisional government at La Esperanza, about thirty-three miles back in the Cubitas country.

Two of the guard lent horses which carried Sam and Bob some twelve miles back to the house of Capt. Rafael Mora, the chief of the coast pilots. The "Sallie Annie Waddles" was poled up a narrow creek and hidden from view of passing enemies. It was the end of the rainy season, and the roads were in places simply bottomless mud. The horse I rode was comparatively sturdy, but the one on whose back we had strapped the bag of mail managed to fall down about once in every forty minutes. It took the greater part of two days to reach La Esperanza, where, being the bearer of long-delayed missives from over the sea, I was given a most hearty welcome.

A vacant little palm-thatched house of one room was instantly converted into a post-office, and hundreds of men who had mothers, wives, sisters and sweethearts in the United States held their breath, each in hungry hope that his name would next be called.

During the next five days the plan of the "underground" was laid before President Maso and Cabinet, and I explained my success in getting through the Spanish blockade, laying before them my plan of establishing four stations on Andros and one at Lobos, which should be numbered: Nassau to be station No. 1; Little Harbor, No. 2; Golden key, No. 3; Long Bay

key, No. 4; Pure Gold, No. 5; Lobos, No. 6, and Paloma, No. 7.

All of these were in British territory, except cayo Paloma, which is in Spanish territory, but living on it were Pedro Roque and his two sons, Aurelio and Justo, who were not only most devoted Cubans, but the best pilots in the country. All mail from New York was to be received by Dr. Indelcio Salas, at Nassau. By him it was to be forwarded in the first schooner to any one of the above stations on Andros. Old Sam was to be provided with the fastest-sailing sloop that could be found in the Bahamas, and he was to pick it up at the Andros stations and convey it to Lobos, where he was to transfer it to Rafael Mora, who would be at Lobos on the 7th, 17th and 27th of every month with dispatches for the United States. These Sam would carry back with him to Andros or Nassau, while Mora returned to Guanaja, whence the mail he brought was to be conveyed overland to the government at La Espe- ranza.

Nothing but mail and medicine was to be carried over the route, and no passenger except a special government messenger. The plan met with the hearty approval of the government, and I was authorized to establish it and put it in working order as soon as possible.

General Castillo promised valuable assistance in perfecting details of the plan, and as a mark of esteem presented me with a beautiful mare and a mule. The Secretary of War placed a fine charger at my disposal, and all these were always kept on the coast to be ready for me on my arrival.

Three days later, General Castillo, his two aides, Paglucci, Silva, Aurelio and myself embarked on the "Sallie Annie Waddles" at nightfall. A furious storm of wind and rain alone enabled us to escape discovery by a Spanish gunboat, and the following morning we reached cayo Paloma. Here Pedro Roque took me out under a low palm in the rear of the house and said: "If on any night you land on this key, make your way carefully to this palm. If this old piece of rope's end dangles carelessly from the limb above, come and call me, for everything will be all right. But if the rope is fastened in a couple of half-hitches around the body of the tree, keep

away, for that will tell you that Spaniards are sleeping beneath my roof."

This simple little arrangement was afterward of great service to me. When daylight came, from the crest of the key we made a careful survey of the horizon, and no gunboat being in sight, we determined to run for it. Before many hours had elapsed, the island of Cuba was low down on the horizon behind us. By noon we were at Lobos, in British waters, and here Bob defied all the Spaniards in Christendom and proceeded to patch his trousers, which he had worn out at the knees while praying.

General Castillo and myself then held a conference with Mr. Farrington, in which it was agreed that he should not receive or hold any mail or dispatches, but that a certain little grave in the southwest corner of the key was to be considered sacred, and that if on any dark night old Sam should ever find or deposit any mail there under its lilies it was to be no one's business but his.

At three o'clock that afternoon we put sail on the "Sallie Annie Waddles" and pointed her nose north for Andros. All the next day we drifted over the great Bahama banks in a dead calm, and the following sunrise found us a few miles south of Washerwoman keys. On the evening of that day we reached Mr. Dames's place, where we were shown every hospitality. Here we established Station No. 5. The next morning we took our way along the east coast of the big island, where Mr. and Mrs. Scott afterward had charge of Station No. 4. At Mr. John Body's on Golden key, we set up Station No. 3, and bought the stores for our Christmas dinner, which we ate under the shade of trees on Little Golden key.

That night we crossed the tongue of the ocean, leaving Paglucci, Silva and Aurelio with a friendly negro at West End. At about noon the "Sallie Annie Waddles" sailed serenely into the harbor of Nassau.

After thoroughly discussing the plans of the new route to Cuba and describing to me in detail his views with reference to the landing of the next expedition for the relief of General Gomez, General Castillo left me in Nassau and sailed for New York. The filibustering expedition for February

(an average of one was sent each month) was to anchor off Lobos a little before sundown and after careful inspection of the Cuban coast it was to slip across the old Bahama channel, and at the north end of cayo Cruz it was to transfer its cargo of rifles, ammunition and dynamite to shallow-draft lighters, which would convey it through the pass of the Negodecias and up the Caonao river, where the insurgents would receive it.

The details of this plan I was to explain to the Cuban government verbally, as General Castillo did not think it safe to place so important a matter on paper. From the government I was to go as fast as horses could carry me to Gen. Calixto Garcia in the Oriente, to see if his artisans could not manufacture shells for the dynamite-guns in camp, provided they

were furnished with the brass tubing and necessary materials.

This, if it could be accomplished, would save twenty dollars on each projectile, and money was none too plentiful. After General Castillo had sailed, Doctor Salas and I picked out a fast sloop called the "Warrant," which we changed to the

"Wanderer." She was thoroughly overhauled and given a coat of sea-blue paint, which rendered her less liable to be seen at night.

Sam was placed in charge, and a new mate, named Henry, secured. In less than forty-eight hours I was on my way back to

Cuba with a cargo of sixty thousand boxes of quinine pills, several cases of surgical instruments and a tin trunk full of dispatches and correspondence.

Our return trip was made without incident, but at Lobos we did not find Captain Mora. He had been pursued from Confitus, and nearly captured, by a man-of-war. Worse than all, while he had been anchored off the key waiting for us, a heavy norther had broken his cable and compelled him to run before it to save his boat from wreck.

Five days we looked for him in vain. My mission was an important one, and it became imperative for me to reach, or at least communicate with, the Cuban government at once. The "Wanderer" drew three times as much water as did the "Sallie Annie Waddles," and for that reason the craft was not suitable to navi-



Drawn by
T. Dart
Walker.

CARRYING THE MAILS.

gate the shallow lagoons and passes of the Cuban coast.

Our boat's tender was only eight feet long and leaked badly, but I determined to cross the channel in it and see what had happened to Mora. Sam was too old to handle himself in a small boat, and Henry, the mate, absolutely refused to incur the risk of accompanying me, so it became necessary to go alone. With the lighthouse-keeper's tools I hastily turned an old oar into a mast, and on Mrs. Farrington's sewing-machine I made a small trysail from some pieces of sheeting. Richard Dames helped me hammer together a rudder from oil-box covers, and at sundown, against the admonitions of Mr. Farrington and the protests of Sam, I set sail for Cuba alone.

The wind was light but fair, and the usually turbulent channel was comparatively smooth. I counted upon making Confitus, twelve miles distant, by midnight, and reaching Paloma by three, but as we approached the other side my fair wind gradually shifted and came off the land. Against it I was compelled to beat, at which the little eight-foot craft was not much of a success. Nevertheless, at 2 A.M. I could hear the surf breaking on the Confitus reef, and through occasional rifts in the clouds I could make out the shore line and the two cocoanut-palms. But here I met a swift ebbing tide, which held me back in spite of the vigorous use of an oar.

I was getting a little anxious, when suddenly there came a shock that for a moment paralyzed me. Something had struck the stern of the boat with such force that I was pitched from my seat on my knees.

Looking back, I saw in the inky-black water the phosphorescent outlines of some huge monster, which was making a second time for the boat. It was an eighteen-foot shark, or "cub," as the conchs call it. He had taken my new white-pine rudder for a fish and was evidently intending to make a second attempt to get it.

Sam had once told me that if attacked in a small boat by a shark I should wait until he opened his mouth and then drive the handle of an oar as far down his throat as possible and let go. But I had but one oar, and it had been cut down to a paddle,

and to be frank, I was frightened worse than ever before in my life, so, forgetting Sam's instructions, I clubbed the oar, and when Mr. Shark returned to the charge, I dealt him a blow over the tender rim of the jaw.

He got the outer piece of my rudder, but after a moment's reflection he concluded that the game was not worth the candle, and disappeared, much to my relief.

The tide was now running still stronger against me, and a glance at my watch told me that less than an hour remained of darkness. To be caught at early dawn trying to make the Cuban coast meant for me certain death, as my political standing had been unfavorably commented upon in a column article which had appeared in the "Diario de la Marina," of Havana, so, much against my will, I was obliged to turn back and away from Cuba.

Two hours later, I was again out of sight of any land. Then came a dead calm, and a realization that I was not only hungry and thirsty, but painfully sleepy.

In my haste to depart from Lobos I had neglected to take with me a drop of water or a bite of food. The burning sun beating down on the glassy surface of the water soon made the situation extremely unpleasant, but a lack of sleep seemed to trouble me more than anything else.

By two o'clock I could endure it no longer, so, drawing a part of the sail over my head for a shade, I lay down in the bottom of the boat, knowing that I could not oversleep, for in two hours enough water would leak in to wake me up. From two until nearly five I slept, then the "slop, slop," of water against my back and side awakened me. A strange kind of misty mirage was all around, and there, not a mile to the eastward, was a passing steamer.

Hastily pulling off my shirt, I tried to hail her. She was probably Spanish, but anything was preferable to longer suffering from hunger and thirst. But no one saw or heeded me, and the steamer disappeared.

In an effort to appease hunger by putting something in my mouth, I ate a few handfuls of the little red berries which grew on the gulfwed floating by. They seemed to do me no particular harm, and served to occupy my mind. Of my whereabouts I

had but a vague idea; for more than eight hours I had been drifting on the bosom of the old Bahama channel, but in what direction I had not the slightest notion.

Once I thought I caught a glimpse of Lobos's tall tower toward the northwest, but it may have been the illusive caprice of the mirage. At sundown came light puffs of wind from various quarters, and the sky assumed an ominous cast which boded bad weather.

The breeze, what there was of it, was northerly, so I headed the little craft to the southward, thinking to try again for the Cuban coast at some point. But by eight o'clock a sharp breeze came out of the south-southeast, which would permit no opposition on the part of small boats, so, remembering my momentary glimpse of what seemed to be a lighthouse, I steered for the northwest. The wind grew fresher every hour; I was making a good six knots running before it, but the sea was getting rough, and it was not a difficult problem to figure out that my little shell could not live in it until morning.

I was sailing in the direction of Jupiter inlet, on the Florida coast, some four hundred miles distant—that much I knew, but there was not much satisfaction in it. It was now about eleven o'clock, and the situation, what with constant bailing and keeping her before the wind, was becoming serious, when suddenly a bright light appeared almost dead ahead.

Instinct told me that it was Lobos, and toward it I steered with hope once more in the ascendant. A little after one o'clock I ran alongside of the "Wanderer," and old Sam, who, refusing to sleep, had for hours been straining his eyes almost out of his head in an effort to see me coming, set up a shout of joy that wakened every soul on the key.

A moment after, I was lifted out of the little shell that had almost proved my coffin, and put to bed. In less than an hour, one of the worst nor'westers of the winter came down upon us; but we rode it out safely under the lee of the island.

My failure to reach the Cuban shore alone convinced me that I must have a man who was both able and willing to scull a small boat through the Spanish blockade.—Such a man in the Bahamas

was not easy to find, but Sam thought he knew of one, so back to Nassau we went after him. He was found in the person of a mulatto named Harvey, and although not a very trustworthy fellow, he consented to go, so I hired him as mate for a month, and back to the south we started.

At Little Harbor, Station No. 2, I borrowed from Pembroke Smith, our agent at that place, a light boat about twelve feet long, which would sail very well, and dropped the old tender. Thus equipped, the "Wanderer" made Lobos in thirty-six hours, where we built a fire on the beach, and with an infusion of buttonwood and cocoanut bark dyed the sail of our small boat a dirty brown.

This rendered it less liable to be seen at night. Old Sam gave us his blessing, and all the lighthouse people assembled on the beach to bid us farewell. As on the previous trip, a land breeze headed us off near the Cuban coast, so that the best we could do was to make cayo Cruz, three miles west of Paloma. In wending our way among the many small mangrove keys, we found the water so shallow that we were obliged to get out and drag the boat across the shoals.

While thus engaged, Harvey suddenly grasped my arm and pointed seaward. There, not a hundred yards away, was a boat, with several crouching forms, coming down on us silently and swiftly.

"Our time has done come, Mr. Reno," remarked Harvey, in a low tone, and so I thought myself. To escape was impossible, cayo Cruz was half a mile away, so I drew my revolver and waited, although fully realizing the hopelessness of a fight against the six or eight men in the approaching boat. Suddenly it stopped, swung around and again darted toward us. For a moment breath came hard, because the first volley at that shot-gun range would finish us. Harvey's lips were moving silently in prayer; then a sigh of relief, followed by a laugh, came from mine. The dangerous craft proved to be a number of loose mangrove tops or bushes which had lodged in a bank of seaweed and was being borne swiftly along by the tide. Harvey, however, insisted that his prayers had turned the boat and the Spaniards into seaweed and tree-tops.

As we approached Paloma the spars of a man-of-war could be seen projecting above the tree-tops. Not enough of darkness was left to reach Romano, so we drew our boat up into the mangroves and slept till daylight.

Then came a pest which discounted any of Egypt's plagues. Millions upon millions of sand-flies drove us nearly frantic, till the breezes that came up two hours later drove them away. All day we lay in hiding.

That night, under cover of a friendly thunder-storm, we passed Paloma and its Spanish visitor and ran into the little lagoon back of "English waters" on Romano key. In the morning, Rafael Roque, brother of the proprietor of Paloma, met us with demonstrations of anything but joy.

He gave us breakfast, but absolutely refused either to pilot us through Guajaba or to permit his sons to do so. He also declined to accept or forward any dispatches, and assured me that Mora had passed on his way to Lobos the day before. He showed us every hospitality, but begged us to get away as soon as darkness would permit, as the Spaniards were making his place a kind of way-station or rendezvous at every hour of the day.

No argument could induce him to pilot me farther, so once more I turned back in the hope of catching Mora at Lobos. Mora was not afraid of man, God or devil, and I needed him sorely. Against a head wind, that night, we started to beat our way out of the channel.

But in the darkness we stood too far to westward, and found ourselves on the wrong side of Confitus. To go back and around would consume over an hour, so I asked Harvey if he did not think he could scull the boat over the reef which separated us from the deep water.

At Lobos we found Captain Mora wait-

ing, and my troubles were for the time being ended. From November 16, 1897, to June 3, 1898, twenty-one trips were thus made between the city of Nassau and the north coast of the island. The record of the number of official documents, dispatches, letters, et cetera, and the quantity of medicines, surgical instruments and other necessities, carried by way of the underground route is in the archives of the provisional government of Cuba.

The sloop "Wanderer," which proved so useful in the secret service, has become the personal property of Sam Montell, to whose skill as a pilot and sailor is due the fact that she did not go to the bottom on more than one occasion. The poor old fellow was stricken with paralysis in September last, but the Cuban people will see that he is provided for during the remainder of his life: as a reward for his services in two wars. Those services were always arduous and full of peril. Arrest and imprisonment at Nassau as a filibuster was always imminent.

With each successive month additional efforts were made by General Blanco to put a stop to this method of communication between the insurgent leaders and the delegation in New York, until every pass from Caibarien to Nuevitas was guarded with from one to three gunboats, besides numerous armed rowboats which patrolled the lagoons day and night; this was in addition to the regular blockade, or patrol, of the Spanish men-of-war.

My best friends were the sea and the darkness of night, and even these threatened while they protected.

But I had learned to love the maxim of the insurrecto, when hard pressed by difficulties and dangers, "All for Cuba!" and I do not regret the small part which I was permitted to play in the struggle of the Cubans for liberty and independence.





Drawn by O'Neill Latham.

"STOOPING TO PAT THE HEADS OF LITTLE HOPES."

AN ENCOUNTER IN A GROVE.

BY O'NEILL LATHAM.

A PLUMP little elderly lady was walking at evening through the Groves of Memory, nodding in a pleasant, well-bred manner to right and left as the Specters who dwelt there glided politely out to greet her, now shaking hands with some antiquated Joy, whose old-fashioned clothes looked sadly like a grandfather's—and again stooping to pat the heads of a group of little Hopes who had died in infancy, and now in the shape of wistful children played forever at marbles and skip-the-rope through the shadowy alleys.

Past dimly remembered shapes of people, loved and unbeloved, their features rendered vague by time, she tranquilly paced

with an occasional smile or a curious glance. Past a hundred wraiths of herself, some bent beneath some half-forgotten sorrow, to whom she would say, "Really, my dear, you appear to have quite a penchant for suffering"; and others gay and buoyant—the chin of one she tapped with an approving finger, saying, "Come, come, this is rather better."

At a turning of the way, a bier was placed across the path.

It was covered with the ashes of withered roses, and a bridal robe, yellowed by time, draped the body of a woman lying there, with a worn and lovely face.

The lady paused and raised her lorgnons.

"Ah, I understand, this is my Dead Youth. How picturesque!"

Then, as she bent to scrutinize it, she became conscious of a figure standing by her side. She turned, and added, with a cultured air of discrimination, "How curiously interesting this is."

The figure shrank back, and an astounded cry of recognition rang out.

"It can't be possible you are *she*," he shrieked; "I am the Grief that Kills, woman, and I flattered myself I had you finished these twenty years ago!"

She laughed a clear, rippling laugh, and tapped him on the shoulder with her silver lorgnons.

"And did you think you had downed me?"

Then, as he seemed so discomfited, she added, gently: "There, there, don't be put out. You will observe you are mistaken." She gracefully seated herself on the edge of the bier. "This is nothing but my Youth, you see, only a small part, and not in my opinion by any means the better part, of me."

"It's a thundering sight the better-looking!" he retorted, rudely.

A delicate blush suffused her countenance, and not deigning a reply to such a vulgarity, she rose and passed thoughtfully on through the whispering halls of the Grove.

She appeared to be revolving the interview in her mind, and her brow wore a far less tranquil appearance than previously. She paused and looked back.

"Now, considering our long acquaintance," she murmured, reflectively, "wasn't there some other way—could he not have put that *just a little differently*?"

A short time after, she found she had come to a place where the avenue down which she had been straying broadened and lost itself in a beautifully appointed garden, fantastically illumined by brightly colored lanterns which depended from the trees. Roses bloomed profusely, hanging

their foliage and pretty faces over the chairs and benches which had been placed through all the dusky, perfumed spot.

"Ah, I remember, there is to be a garden fête," she said. "Here I shall rest a little while before the people come."

She sat down on a bench, and raising her glass, gazed about at the familiar place.

"An agreeable scene," said she. "Dear, how it tires one to walk through the Groves of Memory.

There are such vast distances. Next time I'll come in a cab. And yet," she reflected, "would that not be a trifle out of harmony? I fear it would impress me almost like an anachronism. All the children I used to know would probably hang on behind. No, on second thought, it would undoubtedly jar."

Gradually she became aware of the presence of a young woman standing near, her snowy arms upstretched straightening a



Drawn by O'Neill Latham.

"SHAKING HANDS WITH SOME ANTIQUATED JOY."

yellow lantern that had got awry. She was arrayed in diaphanous white, with huge floating petticoats caught up here and there with ribbons and lace. Her shoulders were bare, and long spiral curls played about her neck, depending from the intricate golden loops and waterfalls of an elaborate coiffure. The light tendrils of these curls trembled in the faint breeze of evening.

With a complacent smile, the lady on the bench marked each of this young person's numerous graces through her glass,

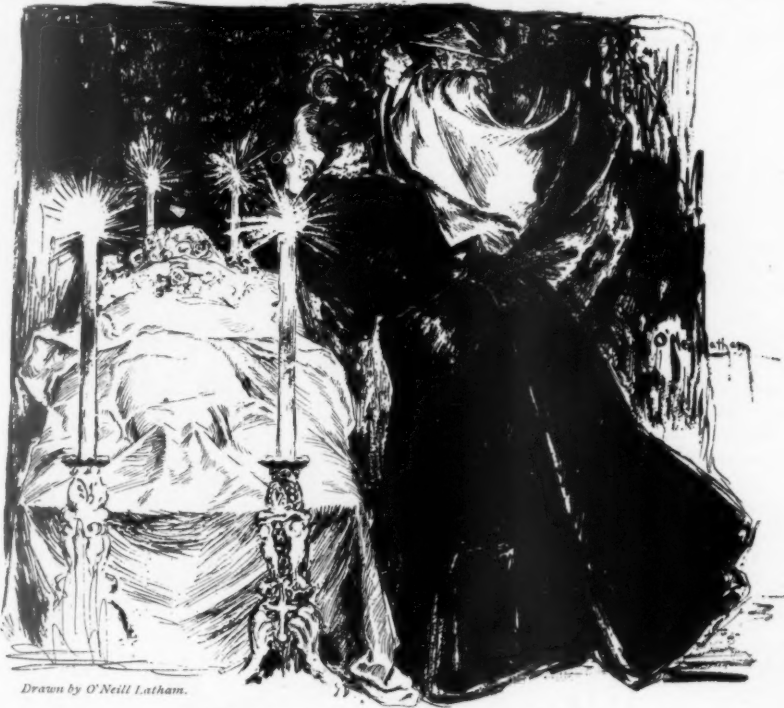
lady wore only a dark bonnet and walking dress, scarcely suitable for an evening affair.

"I see you do not recognize me," the elder said.

"Oh, yes, I do—that is—your name has slipped me, madam, but I know you are one of mama's friends," she chirped, in embarrassment.

"They used to say I resembled your mama strongly," said the elder, smiling.

"Oh, mama is extremely handsome—



Drawn by O'Neill Latham.

"AH, I UNDERSTAND, THIS IS MY DEAD YOUTH."

and at last, observing a fold of the white draperies disarrayed, she stepped to her side and gently, with a certain proprietary touch, tapped it into place.

The girl gave a little shriek and then apologized for it.

"I beg your pardon for squeaking. There, don't the lanterns look pretty? How early you are!"

While she spoke she surveyed the elder woman from the corner of her eye, for that

that is—I mean—slender," the girl stammered. "Slender—mama has a very slender waist."

"Yes, she always laced fearfully," said the other, sitting down again where her figure was somewhat obscured in the shadow.

"I beg your pardon, you are mistaken; mama never——"

"Oh, never mind, you know how you always draw the strings for her."

The girl blushed. "But, madam, I don't understand how you could have known."

"Look in my face closely, my dear," said the other. "Now do you see why? Don't you see yourself?"

"I must confess——"

"Why, you and I are the same. I am you, yourself after thirty years—or so."

It was unnecessary to be explicit.

"Impossible!" laughed the young girl.

She seated herself on the bench with a

great rustle of petticoats.

"Now do you see a single thing like you in me? Of course, you have a refined look and all that, but, if you will pardon me—so little style. While I, if I do say it, am——"

The elder woman pictured to herself this antiquated frock and waterfall in a modern drawing-room, and forgetting her pique, laughed her rippling laugh.

"Now your laugh is rather like mine," remarked the other, pleasantly, "but if you will glance at my hand you will observe instantly that your glove is at least two sizes larger, and your boot——"

The other quickly sheltered her feet with her gown.

"I walk a great deal in the Groves of Memory," she said, hurriedly, "and one likes to be comfortable about the feet——"

"Oh, I am very fond of walking, too, but I never use a larger size. Now see

these things," showing her diminutive satin gear. "They are a mile too big. But the Groves of Memory—where are they? Abroad, no doubt."

"Yes, perhaps they are abroad."

"There, that's another thing that shows you're not I. I've never been abroad. We can soon settle the matter by comparing notes like that," she continued, with animation. "Now do you sing?"

"Well, sometimes to myself—a little.

My voice has no great range, but——"

"Ah, well, you see, my voice has a splendid range—um—Harry says it is quite wonderful. Another thing——" Her voice sank to a whisper and she glanced behind her. "Do you write—um—poetry, you know?"

"Never."

"Oh, dear, I do. Oh, yes, I write a great deal. That shows conclusively how different we are. Do you play the harp? Harry says it positively ravishes him when I play."

The elder hid a smile behind her glove.

"I did play a great deal once," she replied, "but my husband used to say it made him ill."

"Oh, dear! If I may ask—what is your husband's name?"

"Harry."

The girl plucked a rose and examined it.

"There," she said at last, "there is the first and only coincidence—the name."



Drawn by Neil Latham.

"MARKED EACH OF THIS YOUNG PERSON'S NUMEROUS GRACES."

"And what's in a name?"

"Nothing, of course. I wonder if your Harry loves you as mine me," she continued, dreamily. "Doesn't he speak a great, great deal, and warmly, about your—your attributes?"

"Very much and very warmly. But I try to think of something else when he does. It makes me uncomfortable."

"Because you are so modest," said the girl, sweetly, then continued, serenely unconscious of the wicked laughter that was smothered behind the other's handkerchief: "I cannot help drinking in all the noble things my Harry says. He seems to love

she remarked. "Now, is your husband's—noticeably?"

"Well, there is a noticeable lack of it."

"Oh, is it possible? You see how different! But could you describe your husband's face? Harry's is delicately thin and pale—almost like ivory, I should say. Your husband's?"

"Well, reddish, and a trifle fat."

"Oh, dear, how unlike!" interrupted the girl, and then, for fear of having wounded the possessor of the inferior Harry, she returned to her own.

"His ruling characteristic, I think, is thoughtful kindness. I have never heard



Drawn by
O'Neill Latham.

"DO YOU WRITE—UM—POETRY?"

me so, and next to me he loves his native land. Now, is your husband patriotic?"

"Yes, indeed," was the reply. "He has frequently said that, especially when I am spending the season abroad, his desire to be in his native land is quite uncontrollable."

"Ah, strange he should feel it then."

The young creature leaned her little chin upon her palm, innocently pondering this phenomenon, but images of her betrothed quickly displaced all subjects of slighter importance.

"Harry's hair is remarkably luxuriant,"

a harsh word from his lips. Your husband, I suppose, is gentle?"

"Well," said the other, rising rather wearily, "he is frequently known, when he has dined well, to kick his man downstairs."

There was a commotion in the white garments as the young girl sprang to her feet in horror, but before she could frame any comment a young man was seen making his way through the shrubbery, the grass scarcely bending to his light tread, the light of the lanterns gleaming fitfully on his silk hat and linen shirt-frill.



"SHE RAISED HER LORGNSONS."

"Here is my Harry now!" cried the girl, triumphantly. "You shall see for yourself he is not yours and admit you are not I."

The elder woman started back with wild instinctive smoothings of her toilet, and quickly put a lock of her front hair into curl around her finger. The words of the Grief that Kills came echoing embarrassingly through her head.

"Have you a powder-puff?" she asked, in a hurried whisper. "No, no, I am hideous in this bonnet—I would not let him see me for the world."

Her companion caught her arm, however, and forced her to remain.

"Why, your silvery hair is perfectly

lovely," she said, gently. "And you are very, very good-looking—for a woman of your age."

A painful blush crept up the elder's cheek, but seeing there was no escape, she raised her lorgnons and scrutinized the young man's so familiar lineaments.

But as she gazed, her sight was slowly eclipsed by a curious mist. When it passed, she was alone, hurrying home to tea through the dusky stretches of the Groves.

She did not pause to pat the wistful little Hopes upon the head, and she made a wide detour to avoid again encountering her ungallant old acquaintance, the Grief that Kills.



DISCONTINUANCE OF COUNT TOLSTOY'S NOVEL

MADE NECESSARY BY THE VIOLATION OF EVERY IMPORTANT DETAIL OF THE CONTRACT
MADE WITH COUNT TOLSTOY'S AGENTS.

THE unjust attacks made by Mr. Ernest H. Crosby and others who are denominated the friends of Count Tolstoy, and the unkindly criticism which has been called forth in consequence of the misinformation conveyed in these letters, compel THE COSMOPOLITAN to publish the contract made by its editor with Count Tolstoy through the latter's agent, Mr. Paul R. Reynolds, and to state further the particulars which reflect such discredit upon the English agent of Count Tolstoy, M. Tchertkoff. The facts in the case are these:

Early in December last Mr. Paul R. Reynolds, literary agent, came to the editor of THE COSMOPOLITAN and stated that he was the authorized agent of Count Tolstoy for the sale of his novel, which had recently been announced through the press as in course of preparation. The editor of THE COSMOPOLITAN took pains to go to Mr. Ernest H. Crosby, who, it was understood, sustains intimate relations with Count Tolstoy, for confirmation of the claim that Mr. Reynolds was Count Tolstoy's fully authorized agent. Mr. Crosby stated that any negotiations conducted by Mr. Reynolds might be relied upon. After about two months of negotiation, covering many interviews, during which every paragraph of the proposed contract was discussed and many changes were made in the first draft written by the editor of THE COSMOPOLITAN—changes always lessening the privileges which it was at first understood that the editor should have—a contract was finally signed. The most important sections of this contract read as follows:

"This novel makes between ninety thousand and one hundred thousand words, and is on the lines laid down in the outline sketch furnished the party of the second part by the party of the first part; it being distinctly understood that it contains nothing unfit for publication.

"It is further understood between the parties to this agreement that there shall be simultaneous publication in Russia, England and America, and that the novel shall not be published in any other country.

"The first instalment shall appear in THE COSMOPOLITAN in the issue for April, 1899, and shall contain between ten thousand and fifteen thousand words, as may hereafter be arranged between all the parties interested in the serial publication. It is further understood that the publication of this novel shall take place in England in the weekly edition of the 'Chronicle,' and that in no event will they begin publication more than three days prior to publication in THE COSMOPOLITAN, and that the instalments for the weeks of each month shall correspond with those issued in THE COSMOPOLITAN for the same month."

This contract was dated January 7, 1899. It was agreed that the entire manuscript should be placed immediately in the hands of the editor, so that he might determine whether to use it in THE COSMOPOLITAN, or, in the event of finding it in any way undesirable, dispose of it elsewhere. Between that time and the first of March, numerous difficulties presented themselves, the schedule of dates arranged to run with the original contract was reconstructed several times, the question of copyright gone into extensively, and the whole matter canvassed and re-canvassed at various interviews between the editor of THE COSMOPOLITAN and Mr. Paul R. Reynolds.

It was soon seen that it was utterly impossible to carry out the provisions of the original contract. There was delay in England. There was delay in Russia. The whole matter was tangled and untangled two or three times, until on March 6, 1899, at the office of the editor of THE COSMOPOLITAN, at Irvington, a final understanding was reached between Mr. Reynolds and the magazine, and this supplementary contract was signed and delivered by Mr. Reynolds, as the authorized agent for the sale of Count Tolstoy's novel:

"MY DEAR MR. WALKER:--

"Finding that it is impossible to keep to the dates, et cetera, arranged in our contract for the Tolstoy story, I have been authorized to propose . . . You to be permitted to cut and change the translation to suit the exigencies of serial publication; the manuscript to be in your hands at least two months in advance of date of publication in Cosmopolitan.

"Very truly yours,

"March 6th, 1899.

[Signed]

"PAUL R. REYNOLDS."

It will be observed that the substance of this contract is to the effect:

First. That the novel itself is of unobjectionable character, and that it contains nothing which cannot be presented in a magazine entering the household.

Second. That publication should be simultaneous in Russia, England and America.

Third. That the entire manuscript should be furnished to the editor of *THE COSMOPOLITAN* in advance of the publication of the first chapter. This understanding was inserted for the particular reason that it would enable the editor of *THE COSMOPOLITAN* to see in advance just what the novel contained; his intention being that, should it prove unavailable for the magazine, he would be able to sell the novel to some periodical less careful about its readers than this magazine, and suffer no greater loss than perhaps one or two thousand dollars.

It will be seen that the contract had been patiently negotiated with a view to meeting the necessities of the magazine—first, with reference to the propriety and desirability of the manuscript, and secondly, to provide for the requirements of the mechanical work of preparation, illustration and printing.

The editor of *THE COSMOPOLITAN* never for a moment doubted that he was dealing with honorable gentlemen, who would comply in the strictest way with every clause and intent of the written agreement. Now as to the result.

It may be broadly stated that every single clause of the least importance in this contract has been violated; that the contract has been broken apparently under the directions of M. Tchertkoff, Count Tolstoy's reputed agent in London, and that the utmost disregard of all rights and equities secured under this contract has been shown by this agent at all times, with the most entire indifference to the injury inflicted.

When the time arrived for the delivery of the manuscript, it failed to appear. Finally a section came along. This section was not even complete. It included Chapters One to Twelve and also Thirty-one.

Meanwhile the novel had been announced widely in the press and in *THE COSMOPOLITAN* itself, and it was necessary to proceed.

Three arrangements of the first part of the manuscript came. None of these would have passed the reader of the most slipshod daily paper. The translation was almost beneath contempt, and each of the three versions received was different from the others. It was necessary to expurgate and rewrite the manuscript in order to guarantee *THE COSMOPOLITAN*'s transmission through the mails. Specific permission to cut objectionable portions from the manuscript was granted by Count Tolstoy's American agent, Mr. Reynolds.

The stipulation that the instalments were to be limited to fifteen thousand words, was absolutely violated. Each instalment contained over twenty thousand words, thus making excision necessary, even had the story been as otherwise guaranteed.

The stipulation that the publication in Russia, Germany, France and England was to be simultaneous, was entirely disregarded. Shortly after the receipt of the first part of the manuscript, the editor of *THE COSMOPOLITAN* was informed that publication would begin in England three weeks in advance of the publication in America. Furthermore, the publication in Russia was much in advance of the publication in this country, as is testified to in this quotation from a letter to *THE COSMOPOLITAN* from Mr. Charles Johnston, of Flushing, New York, who said: "I am reading the original [meaning 'The Awakening'] as it comes out in Russia, and have always several chapters ahead of where you leave off." The same complaint came to *THE COSMOPOLITAN* from other parts of the country.

It was claimed by the London agent of Count Tolstoy that the novel was a work of art and that it was sacrilege to change it in any way. He simulated great anger when the copy of the April *COSMOPOLITAN* reached him and he saw that portions of the story had been omitted. This anger was fanned by Mr. Ernest H. Crosby, who took it upon himself, as the friend of Count Tolstoy, to complain that portions of the novel had been cut out.

Mr. Crosby wrote the editor of *THE COSMOPOLITAN*, saying he felt compelled to

make a statement to the press. The editor of *THE COSMOPOLITAN* wrote back explaining the impossibility, owing to these violations, of acting otherwise than he was then doing, and asking that Mr. Crosby, if he made a statement to the public, should state all the facts, and offering to place them at his disposal. It seems impossible to believe that Mr. Crosby was willing after this to deliberately make a publication which was one-sided, unfair and absolutely unjust, and calculated to work great injury to *THE COSMOPOLITAN*, after being informed that the facts would put an entirely different construction upon the case, and after being offered access to all the documents.

Notwithstanding the explicit permission in writing to change the story, M. Tchertkoff cabled to the editor of *THE COSMOPOLITAN*, and to his agent, Reynolds, as follows: "Abridgments April instalment compel me forbid further publication." This cablegram was received on April 22d, after the May number of *THE COSMOPOLITAN* had been printed, and while the June number was on the presses. Each of these numbers contained instalments of the novel, the copy having been furnished piecemeal by Mr. Reynolds after repeated proddings by *THE COSMOPOLITAN*; the presses having been held each month so as to necessitate extra night-work at a greatly increased cost.

The editor of *THE COSMOPOLITAN*, notwithstanding the trouble, expense and annoyance to which he had been put, was anxious to continue the publication of the novel rather than appear in any way to break faith with his readers. Numerous conferences were held with Mr. Reynolds, and the result was that sufficient copy was squeezed out of that agent for a short instalment in the July number. Mr. Reynolds promised to use his utmost endeavors to straighten out the affair, and wrote letters to that effect to the editor of *THE COSMOPOLITAN*. No copy, with the exception of one short chapter, was forthcoming for the August number. After personal solicitation, several letters to the editor of *THE COSMOPOLITAN*, telephone and telegraph messages of which this is a sample: "Think Tolstoy matter can be adjusted," Mr. Reynolds sent the following copy of a letter from Mrs. Louise Maude, the translator, or one of the translators—for surely no one person can have produced the numerous weird versions of the novel which have trickled into *THE COSMOPOLITAN* office, a few thousand words at a time—"Dear Mr. Crosby: I have just written to the editor of the 'Clarion' [the English paper printing the story] to say that I cannot let them have an instalment of 'Resurrection' [the English title] next week, as the chapters forty to fifty-one are completely altered, and I have not been able to get the last Russian version in time to get it ready for publication. I had no idea how much trouble and annoyance this story would give to all concerned in its publication when I undertook to translate it. I am doing my best, for I suppose an artist like Tolstoy cannot be expected to think of anything as much as of the necessity of producing as perfect a work of art as can be. In consequence many a chapter has had to be rewritten three, even four times, I think, often after I had it copied and sent away for publication. I am sorry you too should have all this trouble, but still I am glad to know that an explanation of how the story has been perverted has been published."

This explanation is made in order that *THE COSMOPOLITAN* may be set right before its readers. If there had been a way to continue the publication of this story without stultification, it would have been continued; but the extraordinary, illegal and unwarranted actions of the agents and the wholesale breaking of their contract have left but one course open. No further instalments of "The Awakening" will appear in this magazine.

It is not believed that Count Tolstoy has had any part in this comedy of errors. There is no intention of ascribing injustice to that remarkable and talented man; and we have no doubt that when he comes to understand the high-handed and unwarranted action of M. Tchertkoff, he will send his regrets and apology and promptly repudiate a man who seems to have no comprehension of that principle of broad justice between men to the advocacy of which Count Tolstoy has given his life.

EDITOR *COSMOPOLITAN*.

MEN, WOMEN AND EVENTS.

TWO notable events have marked the educational year—the election of Prof. Arthur Twining Hadley to the presidency of Yale, and the selection of Dr. Faunce, of the Fifth Avenue Baptist church of New York, for the presidency of Brown University. Both of these selections are in keeping with the times. Both are men of broad, progressive views, who recognize that the educational record for the opening year of the new century must be on lines radically different from those marked out for the students of Oxford four hundred years ago.

Nothing is more indicative of the feeling of unrest regarding existing conditions than these selections. President Hadley has been a noted man in his profession for many years, although he enters upon his new work as the youngest president who has ever been placed at the head of the great Connecticut university. It is told of him that when he was a big-eyed, pale-faced boy, the upper classmen used to plant him on a post and get him to answer questions in Greek and mathematics that they could scarcely answer themselves. "I wish," said Professor Hadley to a friend not long ago, "that I could play chess as well now as I did when I was nine years old."

He is of Yale, born and bred. His father was a professor of Greek in the university, and one of Yale's best scholars. The son was valedictorian in 1876, and honor man all through his four years. He became one of Yale's strongest young men in the early eighties when he published his book on Railroad Transportation—a

book that inside of six months after publication was referred to in the House of Commons as the greatest and most clever work on railroading up to that time.

President Hadley held various professorships in the university, but has more recently been engaged in the political science division of the academic department. Versatile, broad in his conceptions of subjects, and hopeful, he is vastly more than a scholar. An accomplished orator,

a witty after-dinner speaker, a clever story-teller, an enthusiast at golf, bicycling and tennis, he has won laurels at mountain-climbing, and plays a phenomenal game of whist. In addition to being a fine classical scholar, he speaks German, French and Spanish. He has made deep studies of economic questions, is a strong debater, and a lover of music. In short, instead of being an elderly clergyman, he is a red-blooded, vigorous man, understanding the conditions of the times, and anxious and de-

termined to place the curriculum of his great university upon the broadest plane.

Notable contributions to THE COSMOPOLITAN's series of educational articles will be those from the new presidents of Yale and Brown universities. Both President Hadley and President Faunce have kindly consented to give the readers of THE COSMOPOLITAN their views on "Modern Education: Does It Educate in the Broadest and Most Liberal Sense of the Term?" President Hadley's paper will appear in the November number of THE COSMOPOLITAN, and that of President Faunce in the December issue.



PRESIDENT HADLEY OF YALE.

The acceptance by the Rev. Dr. William H. P. Faunce of the presidency of Brown is an event of much import to the friends of Rhode Island's growing university at Providence. The institution has been without a head since Dr. E. Benjamin Andrews left the post to take charge of Chicago's educational system. Naturally it was not an easy task to find a successor of Doctor Andrews's ability. After careful consideration of all the available men, the members of the corporation, at their June meeting, unanimously invited Doctor Faunce to fill the vacancy.

Like President Hadley of Yale, President Faunce is a young man with a vigorous mind and progressive methods. He is forty years old, and comes from sturdy New England stock. He was graduated from Brown with honor in 1880. Also like President Hadley, he spent some time in postgraduate study in German universities, after having been an instructor in mathematics for a year in his alma mater. He was ordained to the ministry in 1884, receiving his preparatory instruction at the Newton Theological Seminary. That same year

he became pastor of the State Street Baptist church in Springfield, Massachusetts, the largest church of that denomination in the city. In 1889 he left Springfield to accept a call from New York to fill the pulpit of the Fifth Avenue Baptist church, left vacant by the resignation of the Rev. Dr. Thomas Armitage.

Doctor Armitage was one of the giants of the Baptist denomination, and some of Doctor Faunce's friends feared that the young minister had assumed too heavy a responsibility in undertaking to maintain the high standard set by his predecessor. He

speedily set their fears at rest and proved himself to be the right man in the right place, so that under his guidance the church has enjoyed continued prosperity.

The trustees of Brown are confident that the same happy experience awaits him in his new line of work. During all the years of his pastorate, he has kept close touch with educational and university work. There will be nothing experimental, therefore, in his return to Providence to take the control of Brown. He is familiar with its traditions, proud of its history and deeply interested in its welfare. He is

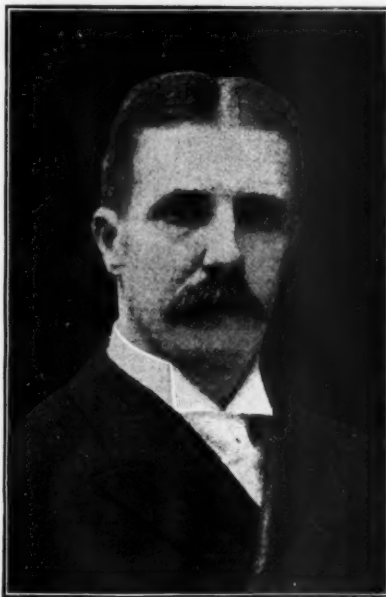
an all-round scholar, an accomplished and forceful public speaker, a practical and energetic man, and above all a clear thinker who seeks the truth independent of traditions.

* * *

The readers of *THE COSMOPOLITAN* have learned with regret of the death of Francisque Sarcey. For some years he was a staff contributor to *THE COSMOPOLITAN*, covering for it in a monthly review the French world of art and letters. Important events in the literary, art, dramatic and social world were treated in the great

critic's fearless manner, and it was a matter of regret when the increasing demands upon Sarcey's time compelled him to relinquish the only direct relation he ever had with the American public.

Curiously enough, the week that marked the passing of Sarcey witnessed two of his most distinguished contemporaries engaged in mortal combat to settle the question whether Hamlet was fat or thin. Aside from the fact that a certain amount of technical skill has forced upon us a corpulent ideal for the melancholy Dane, one is most impressed with the great



PRESIDENT FAUNCE OF BROWN.

gulf that separated Sarcey from M. Catulle Mendès and his confrère.

We do not hear much about the art of criticism nowadays, and certainly people do not take it so seriously as when the gentle soul of Keats was crushed by

"the 'Quarterly'
So savage and tartarly,"

but that is because of what might be called the "new" criticism. In the increasing complexity of social life, there may be new ends for the critic to serve; or, in other words, if his work is becoming more to advertise than to criticise, it is only because we have discovered that there is a maximum industrial efficiency and are doing our best to live up to it. Nevertheless, there still remain the certain tests by which the permanent elements in art and literature may be known, and it must be said of M. Sarcey that he labored hard to acquire these, and then applied them in his work. He understood the drama in all its forms thoroughly, and his writings, while not brilliant, had great influence upon the modern French stage and its writers. Sarcey "made" actors and dramatists in another fashion than do many critics of to-day. Many a struggler has known of the difficult road before him, but has been grateful for having it pointed out. Almost the last act of the great critic brought him into controversy with the great Coquelin. Sarcey spoke indifferently of the actor's work as Bonaparte in "Plus Que Reine." As a final word the critic said: "Coquelin tells me that the public is against me. I have spent my life in fighting against the public. For forty years I have undertaken campaign after campaign against this public's whims when I have not seen them justified by the man or the work." It is hard to estimate the value of such a man in the world's work.

* * *

It will be a satisfaction to the readers of

this magazine to recall that in the first hours after the condemnation of Dreyfus THE COSMOPOLITAN clearly perceived the injustice and dispatched to France the distinguished journalist and author, Theron C. Crawford, to investigate that remarkable tragedy. Mr. Crawford's keen mind penetrated the mockery that had been made of justice. The able exposition which he prepared of the case aroused not only America, but the justice-loving world, and was the first important action in a campaign which has been since conducted to a successful termination. In this the lovers of fair play the world over have taken part, and it is rather due to the sentiment outside of France than to the action of Frenchmen that the matter has been brought to its present position.



FRANCISQUE SARCEY.

Undoubtedly, the hero of the hour is Alfred Dreyfus. His case has given the world a milestone in the progress of humanity. For now that the greatest act of injustice of the nineteenth century will be righted within the victim's life, there will be a cleaner page on which to start man's account with himself in the twentieth. What has been gained in the Dreyfus case has been too great a sacrifice, too awful a

warning, to be unheeded. A president of France (Casimir-Perier), a whole cabinet, five ministers of war and a dozen generals are included in those who have been driven out of office or killed themselves discredited.

The French have been strangely unhappy in their choice of what to do when they have felt that something ought to be done. When the second empire was seen to be tottering, they rushed into war with Prussia. When certain political and religious tendencies threatened to influence national feeling, the infernal Dreyfus plot was hatched. But the reaction has probably given the death-blow to the archaic, weakening ideas of honor and secured for the race of the victim a liberty and considera-

tion that it has never heretofore been able to enjoy. It may never be known who were behind Esterhazy when the famous bordereau was put in the waste-basket of the German embassy, but the zeal which the very highest officials brought to the accusation is a fruitful theme if one would meditate on the ideas men still hold of the 'greatest good to the greatest number.

The fight for revision has been dramatic in the extreme.

The way for this was opened by the death of Colonel Sandherr, the Chief of the Bureau of Information and an anti-Semite, who had welcomed the accusation for religious and political reasons. Colonel Picquart was his appointed successor. This man was the first friend of justice, for he discovered Esterhazy's guilt in 1896. Picquart was persecuted and punished, and the cabal against him made it appear for a time that he was the author of a dastardly conspiracy to acquit Dreyfus and overthrow the republic. Du Paty de Clam and his tool, Henry, could not keep up the outrage long, for in October, 1897, it became known that M. Scheurer-Kestner, a Republican Senator, had acquired independent proof of Dreyfus's innocence, and would take up weapons in his behalf. While this marked the turn of the tide in favor of truth, there were yet deeds to be done that France will recall with shame. Esterhazy was tried and acquitted in the face of the damning evidence against him. Picquart was driven from the army and afterward imprisoned. Zola came forward and accused the general staff of complicity with Esterhazy, for which he was promptly sentenced to one year's imprisonment.



ALFRED DREYFUS.

Every defender of justice was persecuted. Revision was not assured until Colonel Henry confessed the forging of documents to implicate Picquart, and then committed suicide. By the death of President Faure the last important enemy of revision was removed, and it was clear a great majority of the Republican party stood for justice and truth.

* * *

"She walketh veiled and sleeping,
For she knoweth not her power;

She obeyeth but the pleading
Of her heart, and the high leading
Of her soul, unto this hour.
Slow advancing, halting, creeping,
Comes the Woman to the hour!—
She-walketh veiled and sleeping,
For she knoweth not her power."

These lines, written by herself, express the key-note of the Charlotte Perkins Stetson idea, the woman of whom many thinking men entertain the opinion that in her work, "Woman and Economics," she has made a nearer approach to the class of Herbert Spencer than has any other woman thus far. Mrs. Stetson's idea, in a word, is that woman will never reach her proper place in the economy of the universe until she becomes, equally with man, a producer, a worker, and ceases to be what

she is now, in most cases, a mere consumer. She does not fear that this process will make woman less womanly. She does not fear for the home and the obligations of motherhood. She contends that the uplifting of woman—she insists it will be an uplifting—to this coequal plane with man, will deprive no true woman of her femininity. In one of her poems, "Reassurance," she stills the fears of man in this stanza:



CHARLOTTE PERKINS STETSON.

"Peace, then! Fear not the coming woman,
brother!
Owing herself, she giveth all the more!
She shall be better woman, wife and mother
Than man hath known before!"

Mrs. Stetson is slender, and but a few, a very few, inches more than five feet tall. Her face is surrounded by a great mass of black hair that accentuates the whiteness of her skin. Her eyes are deep-set, and dark and searching. She talks in the staccato fashion that indicates vigor and energy. She moves quickly, thinks with the rapidity of lightning, and, unlike the most of her sex, appreciates humor and has a lively wit. She has a logical mind. She argues consecutively. She has a quick sympathy, and is immersed in her cause. Her style of writing is that of a man, a strenuous, unconventional, clear-thinking and courageous man. She is a force. Each day her circle of readers is becoming greater. She is speaking to larger audiences. Her book is getting into the hands of more and more women who do not know what should be done, but who do feel they should do something. She is the apostle of a movement far more advanced than that of Miss Anthony or her colleagues.

Mrs. Stetson was born in New England in 1860. She is the great-granddaughter of Lyman Beecher, the grandniece of Harriet Beecher Stowe and of Henry Ward Beecher, and the niece of Edward Everett Hale. She was a reformer when a child, they say in New England, but it was not until she reached California in 1888 that her work began to attract wide attention. In 1890 her best-known poem, "Similar Cases," was published. This is a brilliant satire on the protest of the established against new conditions. It cites the cases of the Eohippus, who amazed the Coryphodon and the Dinoceras by announcing, "I am going to be a horse"; the Anthro-

poidal Ape who set out to be a man, and was girded and japed by the other apes; and the Neolithic Man, who had an idea that in the course of time he and his friends would be civilized, and was called idiot by those associates. Before these things could be done, the prehistoric and contented monsters said to the little Eohippus, the apes said to the Ape and the Neolithic folk to the one who foresaw civilization with its ills and its disasters, "You must alter human nature," and, concludes Mrs. Stetson,

"They all sat back and smiled.
Thought they, 'An answer to that last
It will be hard to find!'
It was a clinching argument
To the Neolithic mind."



FRANK R. STOCKTON.

It was in 1890 that she received a gold medal from the Alameda County Trades and Labor Union for an essay on "The Labor Movement." Since then she has written and traveled and talked almost constantly. She was in Great Britain in 1896, and preached her doctrine unceasingly. Her verse is collected under the title, "In This Our World," and her ideas are put into permanent form in her

book, "Woman and Economics."

She is a fighter. She faces the world unflinchingly. She has made many friends. She is not weak enough not to have made some enemies, but the workingmen and workingwomen, in whose interest she is most earnestly striving, love her. A labor leader on the Pacific coast, in speaking of the affection of the working classes for Mrs. Stetson, said: "Who can number the able men and women she has influenced? Who can weigh the power of her satire, the force of her logic, the effect of her individuality? I will tell you who can so weigh, number and measure. It is he whose hands have been soiled and calloused with hard labor ever since he can remem-

ber; he who, by his economic condition, is stunted and deformed and impoverished in every part save aspiration. Such are numerous in the labor movement. Such, without adulation or sentimentalism, know and love and appreciate their ablest, bravest and most unselfish friend and leader, Charlotte Perkins Stetson."

Mrs. Stetson has prepared for *THE COSMOPOLITAN* a very able paper on "Work," which will appear in the October or the November issue.

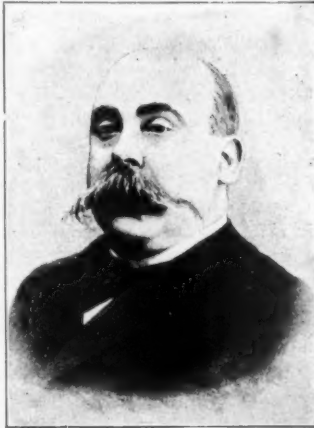
* * *

Mr. Frank R. Stockton, who contributes to this number of *THE COSMOPOLITAN*, has put his household gods in caravan and taken up his march from New Jersey to the Valley of Virginia. To the sorrow of Convent Station and of all New Jersey thereabout, there will be no return, for Stockton has become a son of the venerable Mother of Presidents. In selecting his home he has become the possessor of the famous Augustine Washington homestead at Charlestown. Under its roof were sheltered Bushrod Washington and John Augustine Washington. The home itself is a fine specimen of Colonial architecture, with great columns and wide halls and spacious rooms, and many luxurious appointments. It stands in a park of one hundred acres, and is known to every cultivated Virginian. There are local stories of a haunted room, and it is not too much to hope that Mr. Stockton's lively fancy will perpetuate that ghost in a story or two when he shall become fully acquainted with his nocturnal guest, for it must be that in buying the house he bought all the appurtenances thereto. It is not given to everybody to own a ghost, and Mr. Stockton may be trusted to make the most of his property.

Just now Mr. Stockton is busy with a series of eight tales for *THE COSMOPOLITAN*. The second appears in this number, and

the others will be printed from time to time. These pieces of fiction will have the added advantage of a certain continuity; for, while the stories will be complete each in itself, some of the same characters will appear in all. Age does not wither the delightful fancy of this remarkable man, who was born as long ago as 1834, and his humor is as playful, his imagination as fantastic, as when he wrote "The Chronicles of Rudder Grange" in the days when he was editor of "Scribner's Magazine." He fixed his fame in the eighties with that short story of short stories, "The Lady or the Tiger"; but there is no reason for thinking that some of the eight stories this magazine is to have will not be as great.

* * *



EMILIO CASTELAR.

The death of Castelar was sad beyond measure. The man who died was a pessimist, a truckler to power, a considerer of his own comfort and success. The noble manhood which had been given up to the defense of republicanism and the rights of the people died ten years before the physical Castelar expired. High ideals, noble aspirations, willingness to sacrifice life for his countrymen, had long since disappeared. So recently as 1874 Castelar said: "I shall never ally myself with the monarchists. I

was born a republican; I shall live a republican, and I shall die a republican." That was the splendid optimism of the great statesman who knew the cause to which he then proclaimed his fealty was hopeless, but who highly resolved forever to maintain the principles he had fought for since he came to be a power. And yet, a few years ago, Castelar, once president of the Spanish republic, openly allied himself with the monarchists. He was an old man then, and doubtless thought it best to take things as they were rather than to struggle longer for what they should be.

He had been born a man of the people, this great Spaniard. He came up to man-

hood through biting poverty. He took hard knocks to get an education, but when he was eighteen had his burdens lightened somewhat by rich relatives who had read two novels he had already written, and thought the lad worthy of sending to Madrid for study there. This was in 1840. At twenty-five he was made professor of history in the university. In 1854 he awoke one morning to find himself famous. His pathway in statecraft was opened before him by a single speech. He had never practised oratory before that time, but during the revolution of that year he attended a democratic meeting at the Teatro del Oriente. Overcome by his emotions, he made his way to the platform and spoke. His oratory was impassioned. His fervor found favor with the audience, and his sentiments were popular. Before the next night thousands of copies of the speech had been printed, circulated and eagerly read, and he had been received on the staff of the leading paper, "El Tribuno."

The ten years that followed were stormy ones. He established a paper of his own, "La Democracia," and ran counter to the government. He took part in the uprising of 1866, was condemned to death, escaped to Paris, and did not return to Spain for two years. His greatest oration was made when Amadeus abdicated as king in 1873. Three republican presidents came and went, and in 1874 Castelar became President and Minister of Foreign Affairs.

He brought about a reconciliation with the Vatican and did much to adjust the tangled affairs of the country, but he was not able to continue himself in power. The republic fell, Alfonso XII. was proclaimed king and Castelar retired again to Paris.

Castelar, in 1874, averted war between Spain and this country by his prompt action in the "Virginus" affair. The American ship "Virginus" was taken off the coast of Cuba having on board a company of filibusters going to aid the insurgent residents of the island. The Americans were shot at Santiago, the scene of the battle last year when Spain's military power was crushed. There was a tremendous uproar in this country. Gen. Daniel Sickles, then Minister to Spain, stood ready

to demand his passports. All Spain was in a ferment also, and Castelar's ministers clamored for war. Castelar stood firm, repudiated the action of the Spanish commander who executed the Americans, provided a prompt reparation and averted war.

* * *

There was a flutter of protest in royal yachting circles last year when Sir Thomas Lipton challenged the "America's" cup. Sir Thomas, despite the title, is "in trade." And trade and yachting do not walk hand in hand, if the noble sailors of England are to be believed. The protest did not daunt Sir Thomas, who acknowledged with a smile that he was in trade by taking as a part of his coat-of-arms a tea-leaf and coffee-blossom; in fact, he is more "in trade" than any other grocer or tea-merchant in the world, if commercial reports be true. He had the money—a primary requisite in yachting—and he calmly went about building his yacht. He is coming over after the cup, too, and his boat, the "Shamrock," is preceded by many flattering reports as to her sailing ability.

The approaching visit of Sir Thomas as a challenging yachtsman will not be the first he has made to this country. He came here when he was a lad and lived here for some time. It was in this country he learned the methods of organization that enabled him to go back to Glasgow, his native city, and establish a grocery and tea business that, in course of time, became the greatest in the kingdom and brought him vast wealth. He started branches everywhere, bought tea plantations in Ceylon, and now has more than five thousand agents scattered over the world. He is a born organizer; his vast business moves like clockwork. While there are those who insist that the wily merchant is merely spending his money for a gigantic advertisement, the fact remains that he has a modern and dangerous racer in the "Shamrock."

In the September COSMOPOLITAN there will appear an article on the former races for the "America's" cup, written by John R. Spears and illustrated by pictures of the competitors, as well as of the "Columbia," the defender of 1899.

27-5

Sept 79



"LOVE, THE CONQUEROR."—PAINTED BY EYAM SHAW.